



No. 421.—VOL. XXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



KING EDWARD'S STATE PROCESSION TO OPEN HIS FIRST PARLIAMENT.

THE ROYAL COACH PASSING BETWEEN WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DORRETT AND MARTIN, 60, STRAND.

THE CLUBMAN.

The King a Colonel of Portuguese Cavalry—The Opening of Parliament—The Wedding in Madrid—M. Deschanel's Hat—The Duke of Westminster and General Pole-Carew.

THE appointment of His Majesty King Edward VII. to the Colonelcy of the 3rd Regiment of Portuguese Cavalry has been received with great favour in the Peninsula. The men of the regiment organised a fête and spent the day on which the news was conveyed to them in great rejoicings.

His Majesty the King, with his Consort, looking supremely beautiful, sitting by his side in the great coach, all gilding and glass, might, in the pageant of Thursday last week, have come straight from a fairy-story. I watched the procession as it turned through the Horse Guards into Whitehall, and saw for a moment the cream-coloured ponies, covered with trappings, the scarlet hammer-cloth, the great easing of crystal and gold, the Queen's lovely face—for she looked last week little older than when we cheered for her as the Sea-King's daughter from over the sea who had come to wed the then Heir-Apparent.

I am told that the milliners and dressmakers are not yet happy as to the projects of the coming Season, but the making of the dresses for the ceremony of Thursday last must have sent a vast amount of money into their pockets. The jewellers and the coachmakers ought all to be supremely delighted, for there has been such a furbishing-up of family jewels and repairing of State-coaches as has not been known during this generation. There was not a jeweller in Bond Street but had some wonderful diamond tiara to show to favoured customers, and in Long Acre and Oxford Street the hammers rang merrily and little crowds collected outside the coachmakers' shops, where, bright with varnish and new paint and gilding, the great chariots of ceremony were having the finishing touches put to them by the workmen. In the opinion of Clubland, the award, had there been one, for the most sumptuous "turn-out" would have been divided between the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Lonsdale, the sulphur-and-blue and the canary-colour of the liveries of the servants of the two noblemen being wonderfully effective.

It is pleasant to contrast the manner in which London, with cheers and smiles, has taken the King and Queen to its heart with the manner in which Madrid has behaved during the Royal marriage there—for the comparison is so eminently favourable to Englishmen. The father of Prince Charles de Bourbon is not a popular personage in the Spanish capital, for he is an ex-leader of Carlists, gave the orders for some executions during one of the many Carlist risings, and is a special object of aversion to the would-be Republicans, of whom there are many in the Spanish capital. The coach-windows of the Conde Caserta were broken as he drove through the city, and there was evidence that the wedding would not pass without a storm unless special precautions were taken. The students at the University were given a holiday, in the hope that they would go to their homes in the country; but, probably for the first time in University history, the scholars protested violently against the indulgence, and loudly asserted their intention to go into mourning on the day of the wedding. General Weyler, who is now the Captain-General of Madrid, was asked by the Queen-Regent if he thought there was any danger of a serious disturbance, and said that there was none, and, as martial law was proclaimed, and the General had his troops ready in barracks and various central places in the city, even the most hot-headed amongst the people thought the time unsuitable for a demonstration. Every Spaniard remembers how General Weyler dealt with the Anarchists at Barcelona, and the square-jawed, thick-set man with mutton-chop whiskers is dreaded by all the instigators of disturbance.

Paris has had its notable marriage to gossip over, that of M. Paul Deschanel, the President of the Chamber of Deputies. Amongst the many people who took an interest in the marriage were the makers of opera-hats, for the artisans who turn out the "chapeau claque," the slang title for the hat which Gibus invented, petitioned M. Deschanel earnestly to wear the collapsible headgear, so as to bring it into fashion at weddings. It is sad to read that the President of the Chamber preferred the usual shiny silk-hat.

London also has had its two marriages, great Society functions, during the past few days, those of the Duke of Westminster and General Pole-Carew. Both the bridegrooms fought in the War in South Africa. The Duke served as "A.D.C." to Lord Roberts, and may have been said to have won his commission in "The Blues," which he obtained in August last year on the field of battle. The duties of his great position and the vast amount of work that is the heritage of any very great landowner made it impossible for him to continue for any length of time on the active list of the Regular Army. General Pole-Carew—"Polly Carey" to his intimate friends—distinguished himself greatly at the battle of the Modder River, when he passed a small force across the stream and thus assured the victory, and his work throughout the War, culminating in the magnificent march of the Guards to Komati Poort, was always brilliant and always successful. He was Aide-de-Camp to Earl Roberts, then Sir Frederick, in the Afghan War, was Orderly Officer to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught in the Egyptian War, and served through one of the Burmese expeditions. He has won many medals and decorations. His bachelor friends entertained him at dinner on Friday last, and wished the gallant West Countryman all good fortune in his married life.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Royal Pageants in London—The Opening of Parliament—The Scene in the Mall—The State-Coach and the "Beefeaters"—The King and Queen—"Every Inch a King"—Two Royal Invalids—King's Weather.

THE "Man in the Street" is getting quite a taste for street-pageants, although until late years he has been supposed to take no interest in such things. That, however, was because he had so little chance of enjoying them that he himself did not know what he really liked. It began with the Jubilee of 1887, which made us determine that, having once broken the ice, the pageant of 1897 should be even grander and more representative. Then we went in crowds to see the late Queen lay the foundation-stone of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington, and to cheer her when she drove through London, now almost a year ago, when the War was beginning to turn in our favour, thanks to "Little 'Bobs.'" Putting aside the great and mournful spectacle of the Queen's funeral, we have turned out to welcome the King to London, to welcome Queen Alexandra, to bid the German Emperor "God-speed," and, last of all, to see the King going to open Parliament in State.

Those bilious persons who thought that "The Man in the Street" had got tired of standing for hours to see the King go by would have owned to their mistake had they been in the Mall or Whitehall last Thursday, when Parliament was opened in State. It was essentially a function for "The Man in the Street," for along the line of route the only houses were Government Offices or private houses, so there was little or no letting of windows at fabulous prices. And the crowd was tremendous. One only realised how closely the people must have been packed when they invaded the Strand and the streets near the line of route in coming away. The pavements were absolutely blocked with pedestrians, and but few of them could ever have seen a Sovereign proceed in full State to open Parliament before.

For my part, I went to the Mall, close to Buckingham Palace, as there is plenty of room for the biggest crowd there, and, with luck, it is possible to secure a place where the ground is a little higher than the roadway. I saw capitally, and had not very long to wait. The State-carriages in which the members of the Household rode were splendid, but we had seen them before, and so did not take so much interest in them, especially as they contained only officials, though the footmen and coachmen were gorgeous enough for a fairy-tale. We were all waiting for the State-coach, and every head was craned to see it coming. Even the policemen looked eagerly towards it, and the soldiers as they presented arms squinted painfully to get a good view. The eight cream-coloured horses with their postilions and attendant grooms, splendidly caparisoned, and with their manes tied up with Royal-blue, looked worthy to draw the magnificent coach in which the King and Queen rode.

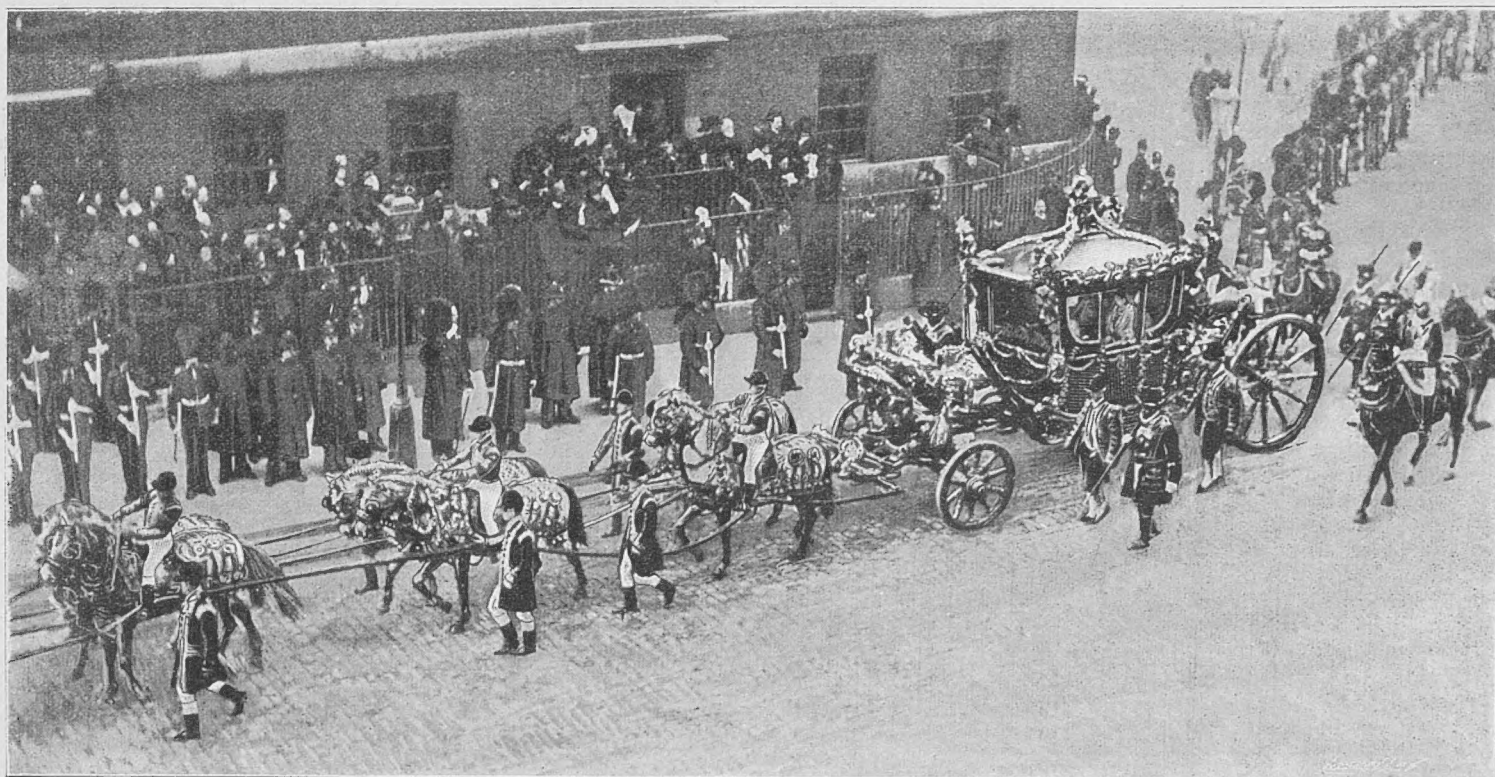
As for the coach itself, it was a blaze of gold and plate-glass, and, as the procession happily went by at foot-pace, it was possible to get a good idea of the carved figures in front and at the back, and of the palm-trees and the crown on the top. The footmen did not stand up behind, as they did in the State-carriages, but for once, true to their name, walked beside the coach. Yeomen also walked alongside, but I could not see whether the "V.R." on their chests had been altered to "E.R." or not. I suppose the alteration has been made, but there was not much time to look, as all eyes were naturally turned towards the King and Queen.

Queen Alexandra looked wonderfully beautiful, and it was impossible to believe that she is a grandmother. The plate-glass sides to the coach enabled us to see her perfectly. She wore a crown high upon her hair, with a black veil hanging from it over her shoulders, and, though she still looked very sad, she bowed most graciously as she went along. It struck me that the King wanted the Queen to be seen, for, as he passed me, he was sitting a little back. His head was bare, and he carried his cocked-hat, though a good many of us expected to see him wearing his crown also. But he looked very pleased, and smiled and bowed in answer to the cheers and waving hats and handkerchiefs. An old lady in the crowd remarked that he looked every inch a King, and she was right. He did look like a King, and his Consort looked every inch a Queen.

I noticed how much less worn and worried the King looked than when he first came to London and when he rode through in the funeral procession. We are all glad to see that he is recovering from the long strain which the Queen's illness and death imposed upon him. But we all missed the Duke of Cornwall and York, who has been most unfortunate in getting ill at such a time. The absence of the Princess Victoria, too, was much regretted, but perhaps it was better that the King and Queen should be alone in the State-coach, though we should have liked to see the Princess and the Duke in another carriage.

King's weather seems likely to become as proverbial as Queen's weather was, for, although it is February, we have not had a drop of rain for any of the King's progresses through London. And this means a great deal to "The Man in the Street." Cold he can guard against, but to stand in a puddle, with rain soaking him from above, is more than he cares about.

KING EDWARD'S PROCESSION TO OPEN HIS FIRST PARLIAMENT.



THE STATE-COACH OF THE KING AND QUEEN NEARING THE VICTORIA TOWER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DORRETT AND MARTIN, 60, STRAND.



THE ROYAL COACH IN PARLIAMENT STREET.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

ACCESSION OF EDWARD VII.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT BY THE KING.

A THRILL of wonder and delight moved the spectator in the House of Lords when, on Thursday afternoon last, King Edward, holding Queen Alexandra's hand, led her up the steps of the throne to the Royal chair at his side. Here were

A KING AND QUEEN

to inspire enthusiasm by their demeanour. His Majesty, wearing a robe of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold lace and lined with ermine, over the uniform of a Field-Marshal, was dignified with the easy self-possession of the man who feels himself in his right place, and the Queen renewed the hold which she had so long ago won over the hearts of the English while Princess of Wales. As the Peeresses looked at Her Majesty, they must have envied her

TIME-DEFYING BEAUTY.

She wore a purple dress with long train, but what seized the attention of the spectators were her shapely ermine mantle, the black veil falling back upon it, the coronet on her graceful head, the diamonds and pearls at her throat, and the ribbon of the Garter on her bosom. In the chair by the King's side, under the gilded canopy of the throne, she looked very graceful and beautiful in her queenliness.

In front of the throne and by the side of it were

PRINCES AND PRINCESSES,

great officers of State and of the Household. Unfortunately, the velvet-covered chair, embellished with a Royal ducal crown, which stood on a lower step than the King's, was empty, the Duke of Cornwall and York not yet being strong enough to face a biting February, if sunny, day. The Duchess of Cornwall and York, who sat in front of Princess Charles of Denmark and by the side of the Duchess of Fife, was distinguished by the magnificence of her tiara of diamonds. It was perhaps the most splendid in the House. The sisters of the King, and the Princes who are not Peers, sat on the other side, while the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Cambridge, wearing the robes of Peers, were at the head of the ordinary Dukes' bench.

The robes and uniforms of the King's servants, from Prime Minister to heralds, standing about the throne, encompassed it with colour and mediæval pageantry. On His Majesty's right was the stately

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,

holding the Imperial Crown—a mass of diamonds—on a cushion which was apparently suspended from His Grace's neck by a chain, and beside him was the Marquis of Winchester, with single eye-glass in position, bearing the strange-looking Cap of Maintenance. The dark-bearded Earl Marshal, in his gorgeous costume, was also on the right; while on the steps on the other side were the Marquis of Cholmondeley, Lord Great Chamberlain, waiting to receive the Royal commands; the handsome Marquis of Londonderry, holding the Sword of State in golden scabbard aloft in front of his face; and

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, PRIME MINISTER,

a venerable, portly, stooping figure, full of the cares of State, a compound of Cecil and Wolsey, too high almost for pageantry, but faithful to his Sovereign. As he stood there, his great head and intellectual face drew attention from robes and diamonds.

Comparisons are made between the scene on this occasion and the spectacle when the Queen last opened Parliament, fifteen years ago.

There was naturally less colour last Thursday, but certainly the picture was not less impressive or less striking. In the galleries were ladies, and in four rows of benches on either side of the floor of the House were Peeresses. Three rows in front of these were occupied by the Lords themselves, Bishops and Ambassadors being in a group at the head of the Ministerial side; and on cross-benches sat the Judges, some of the latter in black and gold, and others in crimson and white, and all wearing their wigs. There were Peers also on the seats in the centre of the House, among these being

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS,

conspicuous with the Order of the Black Eagle. The Ambassadors were particularly resplendent, Mr. Choate's plain evening-dress forming a set-off to the most varied and most brilliant uniforms from Europe and the East and even from Hayti. Nor were the Bishops in their ordinary vestments; they also had red robes and ermine capes. The central portion of the House was indeed a gorgeous picture in crimson and white, and on either side and in the galleries were the ladies, with low, dark dresses and plumes, relieved by splendid tiaras of diamonds. Probably on this occasion the Peeresses excelled in the display of diamonds because they could not indulge in gay dresses. There were

rows upon rows of priceless tiaras or coronets. The ladies were arranged according to precedence, the Duchesses, with the Duchess of Somerset at their head, being next to the Ambassadors' wives, and after them the Marchionesses and the Countesses.

The noise of hurrying feet, of a jostling, pushing, squeezing crowd, cries of "Steady there, gentlemen!" heralded the approach

OF THE COMMONS

to the bar. As they entered the House of Lords, elbowing each other and panting in their eagerness to get as near the Speaker as possible, the King looked at them with a smile which, perhaps, did not wholly indicate pleasure. It was a rude way to come into the Royal presence, but the Commons could plead that they were constrained so to act by the limitation of their space. Daughters of Peers sat in gallery corners usually allotted to the members of a Chamber which is certainly powerful, if not so popular as it calls itself. When they entered, Lord Halsbury, the Lord Chancellor, administered to His

Majesty the oath against Transubstantiation and the Mass. This the King repeated in a low voice. He kissed the Book and signed the parchment which Lord Halsbury, on bended knee, offered to him.

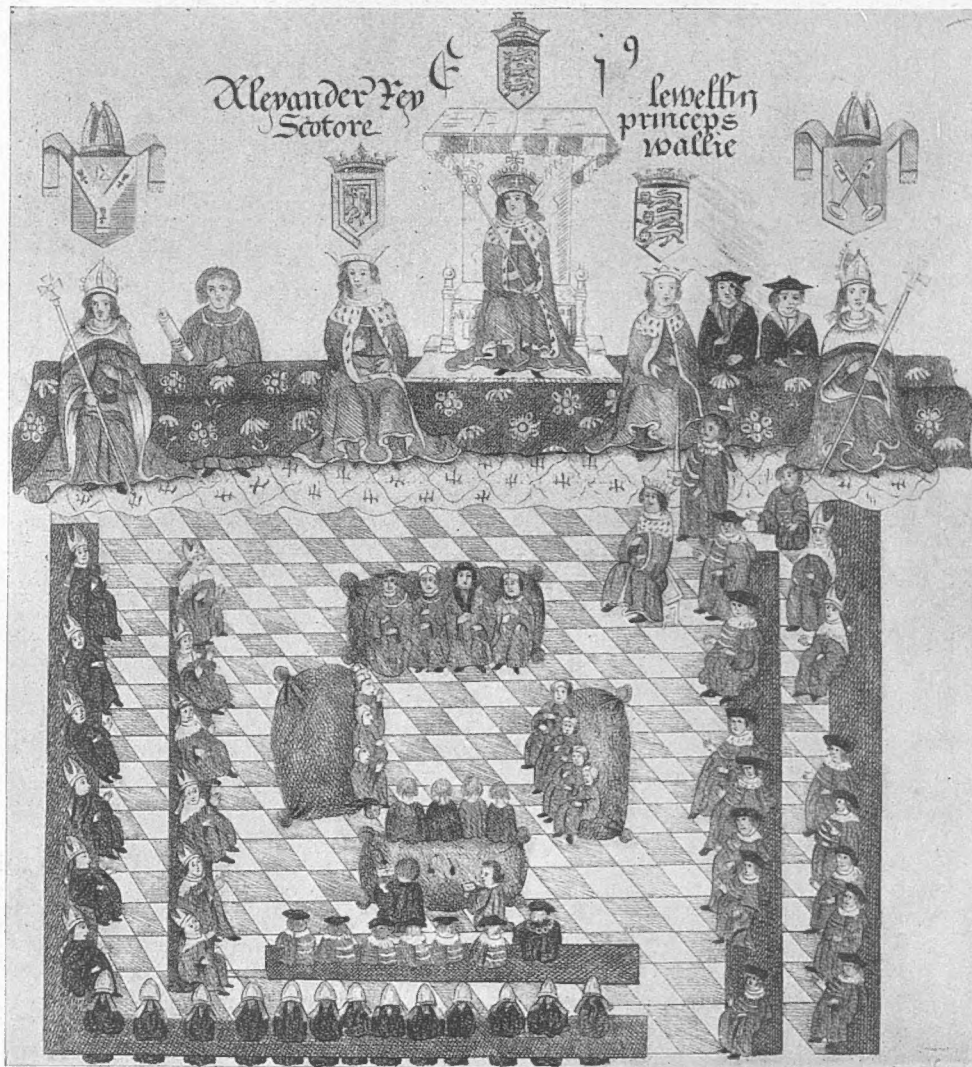
NEVER WAS SPEECH FROM THE THRONE READ MORE EFFECTIVELY than was King Edward's first speech to Parliament read by himself. He stood and put on his Field-Marshal's plumed hat; the Queen stood beside him. The King repeated what are constitutionally supposed to be his own words in a clear, distinct voice, which reached the furthest listener from the other House. It was a long speech, but he did not falter. He delivered it as if he liked it, laying

THE EMPHASIS OF TRUE FEELING

on the words with reference to his beloved Mother: "It is my earnest desire to walk in her footsteps." When the King had finished reading, the Commons (thinking, perhaps, of the Civil List) withdrew in a more orderly manner than that of their approach. After a short pause, the Monarch and his Consort came down from the throne and passed out, the King taking the Queen's hand by the tips of the fingers. He inclined his head slightly though pleasantly to the bowing Peers on right and left, and

THE QUEEN MADE ACKNOWLEDGMENT

of their homage in her own charming way, the kindness and graciousness of her glance leaving with all a fragrant memory.



THE PARLIAMENT OF EDWARD I.: BORN AT WESTMINSTER JUNE 17, 1239, EDWARD I. DIED JULY 7, 1307, AND WAS BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

From an Old Print of the Period.

KING EDWARD VI.

COMPARED with the world-wide extent of the British Empire when King Edward VII. succeeded to the Throne of Queen Victoria, the Realm over which Edward VI. held mild Sovereignty might well have been named Little Britain.

The only son of Henry VIII., by that one of his many Queens who bore the name of Lady Jane Seymour, King Edward the Sixth was born at Hampton Court on Oct. 12, 1537, and had but a very brief reign. Succeeding his father in 1547, he died at Greenwich, unmarried, on July 6, 1553, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Viewing the portrait of this amiable young King of England (copied, as is the Council sketch, from an old print), it is pleasanter to dwell upon the bright side of his short life rather than upon the religious persecutions and insurrections brought about by graceless zealots of the period. It was in the reign of this King that Cranmer compiled the Book of Common Prayer; and the statue of Edward VI. in a niche of Christ's Hospital associated him with the foundation of that noble institution, the "Bluecoat School," in Newgate Street, one of the noblest educational foundations in the City of London. As every schoolboy knows, the Crown devolved, after an unsuccessful assumption by Lady Jane Grey, upon Edward's elder sister, Queen Mary, who was succeeded in her turn by her half-sister, Queen Elizabeth of glorious memory.

It may be of interest to recall that Calvin's great follower, John Knox, owed his liberty to Edward VI., or, more likely, to his sagacious counsellors. The great reformer and preacher, whose dwelling is to this day shown with pride as one of the historic sites of Edinburgh Old Town, had to take refuge in 1547 with his attached disciples in St. Andrews Castle; and, when that place surrendered, Knox became a captive. He was imprisoned for eighteen months, first as a galley-slave on the Loire, and then in Rouen. As may be read in Mr. Edgar Sanderson's compact "History of the World" (published by Hutchinson and Co.), John Knox was freed in

1549, on the application of Edward VI., and in the enlightened young Monarch's country the great Scottish reformer made his home for four years, becoming a Royal Chaplain and having an important influence on the composition of the Articles of the Church of England. Though driven to seek shelter on the Continent when Queen Mary came to the Throne, Knox, in 1555, had the courage to return to Scotland to carry on his Protestant crusade with characteristic zeal and vigour.

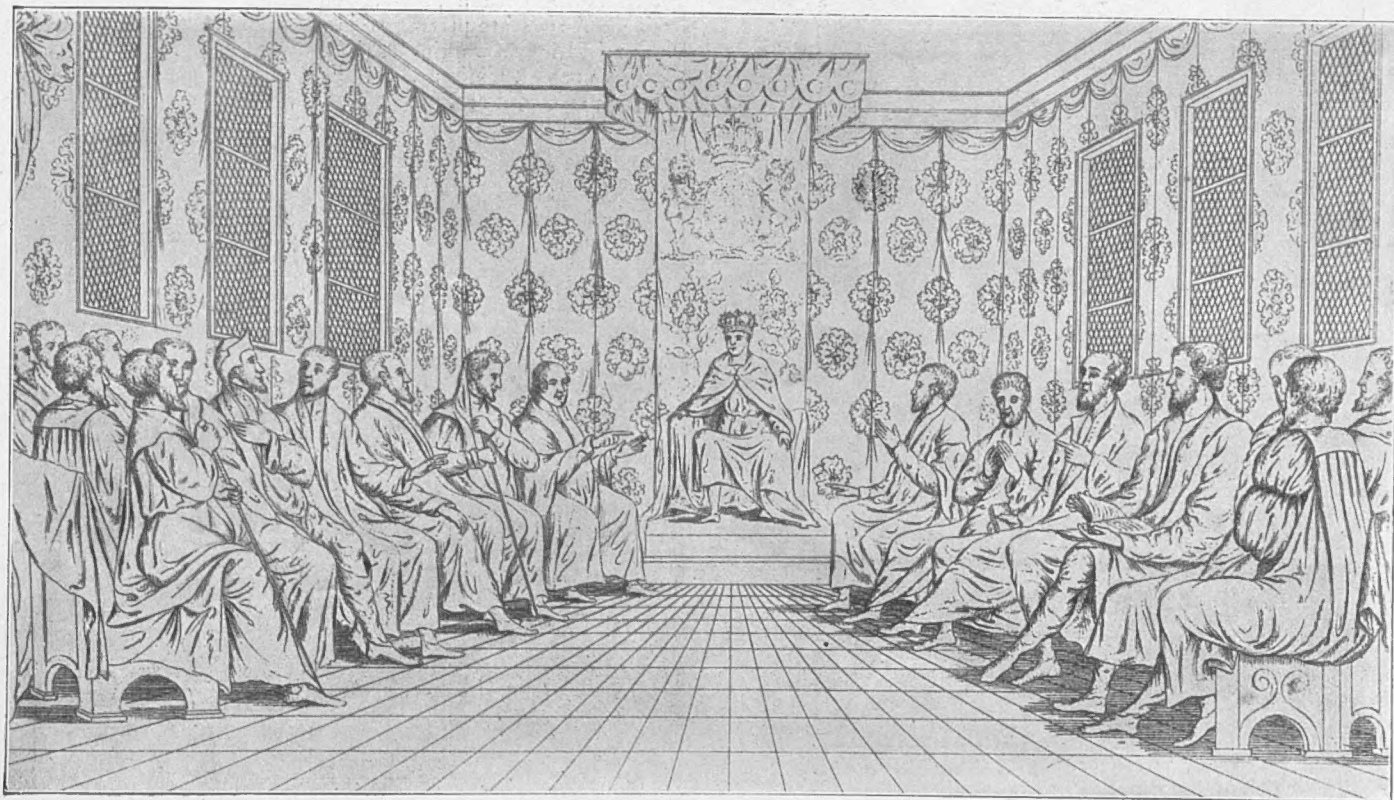
To return to King Edward VI. His Majesty's brief life was exemplary to a degree, and he has in Christ's Hospital a monument which many of England's brilliant Monarchs might envy. It is a happy augury that Education occupies a place in Edward the Seventh's first speech to his Parliament.



KING EDWARD VI.

GERMAN PLAYS, AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

On Friday last, "Die Schmetterlingschlacht," a recent play by Sudermann, was performed by the German Company at the Comedy Theatre. It is in a lighter vein than usual. The charm lies in the bright, well-written dialogue and clever character-studies rather than in the plot, which is very slight. Frau Hergentheim has been blessed with three exceptionally good-looking daughters, but, as their faces are their only fortunes, her one idea is to marry them well, and, to attain this end, she is willing to lie and deceive to any extent. Her eldest daughter, Else, a young widow (played by Miss Ida Timmling), is a true disciple, for, although engaged to one man, in the absence of her mother she entertains a former lover, Kessler, having as chaperon her sixteen-year-old sister, Rosi, who, however, proving a somewhat too efficient "third," is made drowsy by drinking some champagne which Kessler has provided. This idea is certainly not a pleasant one. The interest centres chiefly round Rosi, whom Sudermann represents as a peculiar combination of naïveté and slyness. The rôle suited Miss Else Gademann well, and Worlitzsch, as Kessler, won, as usual, a large share of applause. The honours, however, fell to Mr. Max Behrend, for every gesture and speech of the old, cantankerous father proved how he must have studied the part to portray so skilfully the characteristics of old age.

KING EDWARD VI. IN COUNCIL, 1549.
From Old Prints of the Period.

THE KING AND THE FREEMASONS.

THE handsome Queen's Hall, which Mr. Robert Newman has made the most popular musical centre in London, was chosen on Friday afternoon last for the special meeting of Grand Lodge rendered necessary by the inability of the King to continue in the position of Most Worshipful Grand Master of Freemasons.

A right worthy Pro-Grand Master, Earl Amherst presided, and over three thousand Masons attended, all in mourning for Her late Majesty, a consistent Patroness of the noble Charities of the Masonic fraternity. A vote of cordial sympathy with the King having been passed, the brethren learnt with satisfaction that His Majesty, though unable to continue to be Grand Master, would preserve his association with Freemasons as "Protector." There was general applause on the nomination of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught as Grand Master in place of the King, whose own freely given and invaluable services to Masonry can never, however, be forgotten.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE.
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"Illustrates plainly that ailments due to mal-nutrition of food, such as corpulency, gout, indigestion, and excessive leanness, are permanently curable by proper dieting and by this alone."—WESTERN GAZETTE.
London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, and CO., Ltd., Fetter Lane, London, E.C.



The above is from a pen-and-ink sketch of the Great Portrait of Queen Victoria by Benjamin Constant. The Illustrated London News will shortly issue five hundred Photogravures, all Artist's Proofs, each one signed, numbered, and stamped. Price Ten Guineas.

This Painting is the last one from life, and was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition. As orders are now being received steadily from all quarters of the globe, intending subscribers should send in their orders at once to The Publisher, 198, Strand, W.C.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S WEDDING.

IN spite of the universal mourning which still enshrouds Society, the marriage of the Duke of Westminster and Miss Shelah Cornwallis-West at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, was a brilliant and splendid bridal function, and at no great marriage of recent times did a larger crowd assemble to wish the young couple long life and happiness. An all-white wedding is always a charming sight, and last Saturday many of the guests brightened their grey, mauve, and even black toilettes with touches of pure white and cream.

THE MARVELLOUS WEDDING-DRESS.

The wedding-gown in which Miss West became Duchess of Westminster was the loveliest garment of the kind seen for many a long day, and far surpassed in splendour and ornate beauty that of the Queen-bride Wilhelmina. The general design of this wonderful frock was copied from an Empire costume. Thus, over the white satin slip was draped a fine silk muslin over-dress, richly embroidered with garlands of roses and foliage worked in silver thread and pearls, the transparent folds being gathered in the corsage into an embroidered band carried along to form epaulettes over the shoulders, while, above, the transparent yoke and sleeves were also embroidered more lightly in silver sequins and seed-pearls. An interesting feature of the costume, and one which must have been added to the original design, was the splendid Court-train of ivory panne embroidered with both dull and bright silver roses and garlands of leaves, the border repeating the pearl and silver embroidery of the over-dress. The train, which will, of course, again be seen at Queen Alexandra's first Drawing-Room, was fastened beneath the shoulders to an exquisite silver and pearl device. Miss West did not follow the usual custom of wearing either a wreath or spray of orange-blossom in her hair; instead, the exquisite lace veil, lent, it is said, by the bridegroom's mother, Countess Grosvenor, covered a wreath of silver leaves, and the bride carried her bridegroom's latest gift, a lovely nosegay of white orchids and lilies-of-the-valley.

THE BRIDESMAIDS AND THEIR FROCKS.

The six grown-up bridesmaids—Lady Lettice Grosvenor, Lady Mary Sackville, Lady Lettice Cholmondeley, the Hon. Alice Grosvenor, Miss Thynne, and Miss Gladys Howard, all apparently chosen for their beauty as well as for their near relationship to the contracting parties—wore Empire gowns which recalled, without being in any sense imitations of, the bridal gown. In place of a hat, each bridesmaid wore a wreath of white roses and silver leaves, while last, not least, the ducal bridegroom presented each of his fair bride's attendant maids with a truly regal gift, namely, diamond wheatsheaves (the badge of the City of Chester) fastened on a fine gold chain further ornamented with diamond bows.

A charming and brilliant touch of colour was supplied to the bridal procession by the presence of Miss West's two youthful pages, Master R. Wyndham and Master R. A. Grosvenor, whose picturesque costumes were exactly copied from the famous picture, "The Blue Boy."

THEIR MAJESTIES' PRESENT.

The first wedding-gift presented since the Accession by their Majesties naturally attracted great attention, and was much admired by Mrs. Cornwallis-West's innumerable guests. The Royal gift consists of a splendid pendant with a large star sapphire in the centre, surrounded with a curious design of red and white enamel, studded with diamonds, terminating with a pear-shaped hanging pearl of exquisite lustre and size. A separate present from the King to Miss West consisted of a beautiful lady's walking-stick, the Malacca cane being topped with *bleu de roi* enamel, while under the gold band beneath the handle is twisted a brown silk cord and tassel.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S GIFTS TO THE BRIDE.

The Duke of Westminster has presented his bride with some of the most wonderful jewels the modern world has seen, specially noticeable being the tiara necklace, pendant, and bracelets, composed of splendid diamonds and rubies. A broad dog-collar of diamonds and turquoises recalls the fact that the latter are the young Duchess's favourite gems, and, among other ornaments in which turquoises also predominate, a necklace, a buckle, a bangle, and an elaborate dress-ornament were much admired and discussed.

OTHER WONDERFUL GIFTS.

The Duke of Cornwall and York sent "Miss West, with best wishes," an artistic and beautiful brooch and pendant consisting of a shamrock of which the petals are formed of emeralds surrounded by diamonds. A scarf-pin composed of diamonds and a cabochon sapphire was presented by the Duchess of Cornwall and York, while the Countess Grosvenor's gift to her daughter-in-law was a cross of pearls and diamonds.

Owing to the marriage having taken place as early as one o'clock, ample refreshments were provided for Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis-West's many guests in Lady Grosvenor's beautiful house, No. 35, Park Lane.

THE DUCHESS'S GOING AWAY DRESS.

The young Duchess's going-away dress was of ivory cloth trimmed with splendid Irish guipure lace; the pretty gown was, however, almost entirely hidden by a long grey travelling-cloak lined with satin, the hood and the inner sleeves being of pale-grey velvet. A large white hat trimmed with ostrich-feathers and a large "granny" chinchilla muff completed the most original going-away costume seen for many a long day. The ducal honeymoon is being spent at Eaton Hall, the Duke of Westminster's historic place near Chester.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

A Royal Fairy Spectacle.

The first of our Gracious King's Royal and Imperial progresses in full State gave London a delightful foretaste of the splendid pageants which will now form part of the routine of Court life. King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra are fitted, as perhaps no modern Sovereign and his Consort are fitted, to play a great and useful rôle on this world's stage, and the innumerable children who found a place from which to view the beautiful cortège of last Thursday must have thought themselves in fairyland when they saw the wonderful, old-fashioned regal coach go slowly by, the more so that the lovely and gracious lady seated therein by the side of the King-Emperor seems gifted with perennial youth and beauty, the outcome of as kind a heart as ever beat and of as pure a character as ever adorned a Throne. It is but fitting that in this week's *Sketch* should be given an Anecdotal Narrative of Queen Alexandra's exemplary history, in sequence to our Anecdotal Illustrated Lives of Queen Victoria and of King Edward VII.

The Princess of Great Britain and Ireland.

Although the rumour that Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria would ride in the royal chariot was not realised on Thursday, as the King and Queen were alone, much interest was aroused by the report, and the public learnt with sincere regret that the devoted unmarried daughter and constant companion of Queen Alexandra was kept at home by a severe chill. Those who are privileged with the friendship of the King and Queen are well aware how great a part their second daughter has played in the lives of both her parents. In her position as only unmarried daughter of the Sovereign, Princess Victoria is likely to play as great and noble a part as that formerly performed by her aunts, the Empress Frederick, the late Princess Alice, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, and, last but not least, Princess Beatrice, the most devoted and constant companion of the late Queen.

A Lady of the Garter.

Most welcome and appropriate is the honour conferred by Edward VII. on his Consort, and the whole Empire acclaims "Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, L.G." The new dignity conferred upon the Queen recalls a quaint little story concerning Queen Victoria's first Investiture of that

statesman seems to have been prepared with an answer, for he promptly informed his Royal mistress that the precedent set by Queen Anne was to be followed, and now the broad blue ribbon will adorn "the Sea-King's daughter from over the sea" who has so truly made this country her own. During the last fortnight, His Most Gracious Majesty



LADY BEATRICE BUTLER, WHO WAS YESTERDAY MARRIED, AT THE GUARDS' CHAPEL, TO MAJOR-GENERAL POLE-CAREW.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.



MAJOR-GENERAL POLE-CAREW, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LADY BEATRICE BUTLER IS THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

Most Noble Order. The girl Sovereign, as she then was, is said to have asked Lord Melbourne, with a touch of not unnatural embarrassment, "But pray, my Lord, where am I to wear the Garter?" The experienced

has, in order to do special honour to his Queen, created several interesting precedents. Her Majesty's throne in the House of Lords was one such, for no such dignity was conferred on either Queen Charlotte or Queen Adelaide. Even more revolutionary was the King's proposal to drive in full State with his Consort to the Palace of Westminster, and, with the exception of Her late Majesty, who was, of course, Head of the Order, no Royal lady has yet been privileged to wear the Garter.

His Majesty's Robes.

King Edward VII. has during his life often had occasion to wear splendid robes and garments, but it may be doubted whether His Majesty has ever worn any robe so beautiful in colour and so fine in general effect as the crimson ermine-lined mantle in which the Sovereign appeared as King-Emperor for the first time in the House of Lords. After her widowhood, Queen Victoria never wore colour, save that supplied by the brilliant blue of the Garter ribbon, and as years went on Her late Majesty's attire grew more sombre and not less so, and even when opening Parliament in person she remained faithful to a modified form of mourning, her costume on the occasion of her first visit to the House of Lords after Prince Albert's death consisting of a violet velvet robe and Marie Stuart lace cap.

The "Personal" Property of Queen Victoria.

The "personal" property of our lamented Sovereign, apart from money, is so great that even now the vaguest estimate only can be formed. It must be remembered that this collection of plate, jewellery, china, and works of art was not, like the pilferings of foreign Monarchs, taken from the treasury of the State or the taxes of the people. Everything that our good and great Queen possessed was either presented to her or bought by her, and in her long life she had many opportunities of adding to her artistic museum. It is understood that the King inherits such treasures as the late Queen thought should become heirlooms, but, if I am correctly informed—and I do not doubt that I am—there are certain objects of art, especially pictures, which His Majesty Edward VII. intends to give to the nation in memory of his revered mother. Such an act would meet with the warmest response from his subjects. The only difficulty seems to be as to the authority to which these valuable souvenirs would be transferred.

Marlborough House and Buckingham Palace.

It is not to be supposed that, because the King and Queen have entered into the heritage of Buckingham Palace, they will readily leave Marlborough House, to which dwelling they have become so attached. Indeed, the Queen is quite unwilling to cross the Park. Happily, the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to the Colonies gives an excuse for not abandoning the old homestead, and I understand that, as at present arranged, Marlborough House will still remain in the occupation of their Majesties, the while Buckingham Palace will be used for State ceremonies and the entertainment of distinguished foreign visitors. Marlborough House is not an ideal palace, but it has the advantage of being compact. On the other hand, Buckingham Palace is such an ill-constructed pile that the first King of the Belgians asked for a guide to it, until he was reminded by a familiar courtier that "it was almost as large and quite as safe as His Majesty's own dominions." Another relative of our beloved late Queen told her that he thought the grounds were the most picturesque in Europe. "Yes," Her Majesty replied, "but, unfortunately, we cannot feed the swans all day and all night."

Queen Alexandra's Favourite Brother.

King George of Greece, who stayed on for some days in this country after the other Sovereign mourners had departed, has always been the Queen Consort's favourite brother, and some of Her Majesty's happiest holiday weeks have been spent in Greece. Queen Olga did not on this

the "Nearest Guard" of the Sovereign of England. As such, its duties have been mainly confined to being in attendance on the Royal Person on State occasions. At Drawing-Rooms and Levées, for instance, two of its members always hold the barriers that divide the Ante-chamber from the "Presence" Chamber. The uniform of the Corps is very striking, consisting of an old-fashioned scarlet "coatee" ornamented with epaulettes, gold-laced overalls, and brass helmet with a plume of white feathers. At present the "Gentlemen-at-Arms" number fifty, all of whom are officers who have distinguished themselves in the field.

Yeomen of the Guard.

The Yeomen of the Guard take order after the Gentlemen-at-Arms, although they were established in 1485. Their composition, however, is different, as their ranks are formed by non-commissioned instead of commissioned officers. From their uniform, these are commonly termed "Beef-Eaters," a corruption, by the way, of *Buffetiers*. The "Captain," as the commanding officer is called, is Earl Waldegrave. He is assisted by one Lieutenant, one Ensign, four Exons, and one "Clerk of Cheque and Adjutant."

"None but the Brave—"

Rarely does the somewhat sombre Guards' Chapel at Wellington Barracks see so charming a scene as that which it must have presented yesterday (Tuesday, 19th), when that most popular and gallant soldier, General Pole-Carew, was to lead to the altar the beautiful elder daughter of Lord



THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF ORMONDE, FATHER AND MOTHER OF LADY BEATRICE BUTLER.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY POOLE, WATERFORD.

recent sad occasion accompany the King to England, but she is very much attached to Queen Alexandra, and the two Queen-Consorts have many tastes in common, both, curiously enough, being equally devoted to nursing and the care of the sick. King George and Queen Olga have a large family of sons and only one surviving daughter, Marie, who became last year the wife of the Grand Duke George of Russia.

Queen Alexandra's Home Life.

Her Majesty's home life has ever been distinguished by great simplicity and kindness to those about her. At Sandringham, Queen Alexandra is adored, and many fears are expressed lest the King's new engrossing duties may make it difficult for him to spend much time now in his own and the Queen's much-loved country home.

Her Majesty's Pets.

The Queen, when at Sandringham, is seldom seen out of doors without one or more of her four-footed friends, who are, it need hardly be said, as enthusiastically loyal to their beautiful mistress as are the "humans" who approach her presence. "Alix," a noble Borzoi, is a special favourite; but it was with a little King Charles Spaniel that Her Majesty was painted some years ago.

The King's Bodyguard.

A military body that has been a good deal in evidence of late is the one officially known as the "Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms." This is an extremely ancient corporation, having been founded in 1509 by King Henry VIII. Ever since that time it has had the honour of being

and Lady Ormonde, whose portraits *The Sketch* has the privilege of giving, together with the likenesses of the bride and bridegroom. Lady Beatrice Butler, though through her mother a granddaughter of the late Duke of Westminster, is a true daughter of Erin. Both in character and in appearance she recalls many of the famous Irish beauties given to the world by the house of Butler; and it is whispered that, had she had her own heart's desire, she would have been married from her Irish home, picturesque and splendid Kilkenny Castle. Lord Ormonde has never ranked among absentee landlords, and the consequence is, he and his wife are as much beloved and as popular in County Waterford as if the very words "Land League" had never existed. The affection deservedly felt for them both extends to their two children, Lady Beatrice and Lady Constance, much of whose childhood and early girlhood was spent in Kilkenny Castle, where, comparatively recently, yesterday's bride assisted her mother in doing the honours of this stateliest of Ireland's homes to the Duke and Duchess of York, who are included in the photographic group reproduced.

The German Emperor.

The German Emperor, on leaving England (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*), proceeded straight to Homburg, where he was received in State by Burgomaster Tettborn at the station. Three hours later, His Majesty was at Friedrichshof, whither the Crown Prince of Greece had arrived the same morning. The Emperor had a fairly lengthy interview with the Empress Frederick, whom he informed in person of all that had taken place during his stay in England. The German

papers, every now and then, print paragraphs stating that Her Majesty the Empress Frederick is improving in health. I can only state what I have stated before in *The Sketch*, that these paragraphs are absolutely untrustworthy. Her Majesty is better on some days than others, but it would be very wrong to mislead everyone in England by saying that the health of the Royal sufferer is anything but broken. It is true that she takes constitutionals whenever it is fine enough; but any movement is apt to cause great pain, and there is no reason whatever for the assertion that she is in any appreciable degree better or stronger.

On the 12th inst., His Royal Highness Prince George of Prussia, the head of the Royal House, completed his seventy-fifth year. Prince George, who is known to be especially averse to all ceremonial and Court gaiety, is, on the other hand, a sworn friend to artists and writers. He is himself, too, a great writer and no mean disciple of art. His early youth he spent on the banks of the Rhine, and he made several journeys in England, France, and Italy. His work, "Phaedra," which was acted with success in 1864, was for a long time performed without anyone knowing who was its author. The Prince is cousin to Kaiser Wilhelm, being a son of Prince Frederick of Prussia, nephew to King Frederick William III.

The late Baron Pettenkofer.

One of the most celebrated of Germany's savants has just ended his life at Munich, namely, Dr. Max von Pettenkofer. He shot himself in the right temple, at the age of eighty-three, through deadly fear of losing his great mental powers from old age. The late Professor may be called the founder of modern hygiene in Germany, having devoted a great amount of time and energy to the examination of the causes of Asiatic cholera and typhus. He was President of the Commission selected in 1873 by the German Chancellor for the study of cholera.

Art in Berlin.

Mr. Brooks, the well-known portrait-painter, who came to Berlin to paint the portraits of the British Ambassador, Sir Frank Lascelles, and Lord and Lady Gough, showed me (adds my Berlin representative) his nearly finished work in his studio the other day. The portraits looked most lifelike—Lord Gough serious

and thoughtful in his Ambassadorial robes, Lady Gough stately and beautiful in white evening-dress; while some way apart, fierce and almost sinister in appearance, was the portrait of the Turkish Ambassador, Tewfik Pasha. Mr. Brooks has a large number of other portraits to complete yet, so will not be leaving Berlin for some time to come.

Prince Eitel Fritz, the German Emperor's second son, will become an officer in the First Regiment of Foot Guards at Potsdam in May. He will have quarters appointed for him in the same building as his eldest brother, the Crown Prince, in the Cabinetshaus.



KILKENNY CASTLE, THE IRISH HOME OF THE ORMONDES.

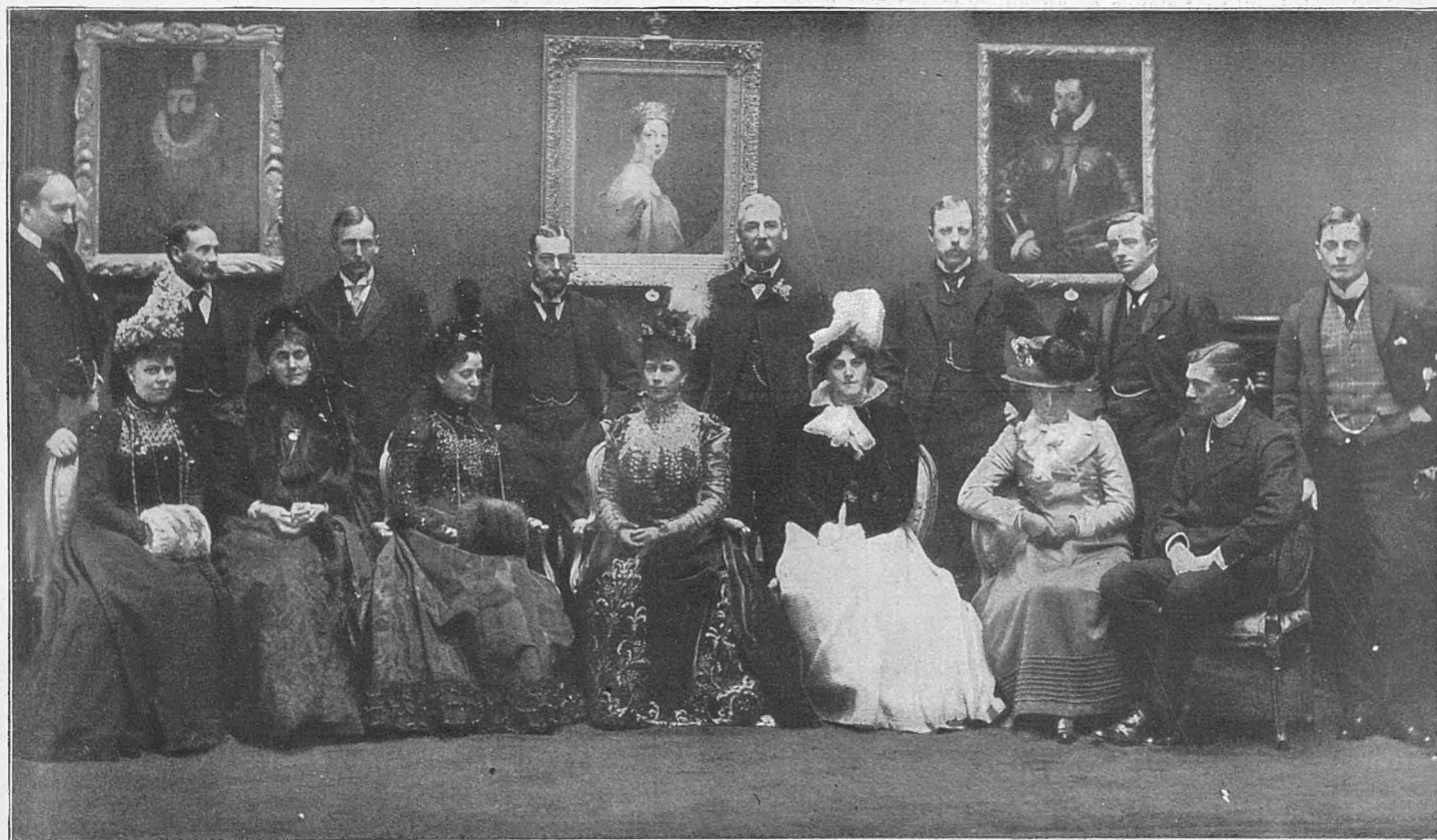
I often wish that correspondents would believe that my information is not derived from hearsay. This week a gentleman writes from the Conservative Club at Hitchin as follows: "In your current issue you state that George III. dropped the title of King of France. I was under the impression that he was the last King of England to include King of France among his titles." The impression of my Hitchin correspondent is absolutely correct, and so was my assertion. George III., born in 1738 and crowned in September 1761, did not drop the title of King of France till Jan. 1, 1801, when the claim to the French Crown was discontinued.

Marriage of M. Paul Deschanel.

The President of the French Chamber (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) had all the fairies for sponsors at his birth. It was written in advance then that there should be nothing commonplace about his marriage, which has been the social event of the Parisian Season. He met his

Duke of York.

Marquis of Ormonde.



Marchioness of Ormonde. Duchess of York. Lady Beatrice Butler. Lady Constance Butler.

GROUP TAKEN IN THE PICTURE GALLERY AT KILKENNY CASTLE ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK, 1899.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY POOLE, WATERFORD.

future bride at Florence, where he went on purpose (for they arrange things that way in France), hiding his whereabouts under an assumed name. She brings him an Academic inheritance, being granddaughter to Camille Doucet, and a political connection through her father,

thimble, which began modestly with a nugget of gold from the Transvaal, has not ceased to develop, and to-day in the public belief it is sculptured all round with little Louises, the sewing-girl heroines of Gustave Charpentier's opera. The French poets have seized on it as a symbol, and woven with it lyrics and sonnets. Whether it exists in reality, only Mr. Kruger and Queen Wilhelmina know.



THE PICTURE GALLERY, KILKENNY CASTLE.

Photo by Poole, Waterford.

M. René Brice, and a fraction of the Bank of France, to say nothing of youth and beauty. His witnesses were President Loubet and the President of the Senate, and his groomsmen represented what may be called the heads of the Republican aristocracy. They were Captain Sadi Carnot, son of the former President of the Republic; Leris Gambetta, nephew of the famous statesman; Pierre Sardou, son of the great dramatist; and Pierre Gounod, grandson of the celebrated composer.

Antiquarianism and Splendour.

A fashionable church would have been too commonplace; the ceremony of the Deschanel marriage was performed under the roof of one of the most curious monuments in Paris, the little old Church of St. Germain-des-Prés. This church is all that stands of an abbey which was celebrated before ever the Middle Ages began, and where, during the Revolution, Madame Roland was confined. Almost its only decoration is its capitals, of strangely grotesque painted figures, worth an antiquary's visit to see. Its garden, where the abbey stood, is, curiously enough, given up to the cult of the potter, Bernard Palissy, who died a prisoner in the Bastille for having abjured the Catholic faith. United among these mouldy relics, M. Deschanel takes his young bride to his heretofore bachelor residence, the splendid Palais Bourbon, ancient home of the Prince de Condé, where she will preside over the social functions which fall to M. Deschanel's public position, and which are only second to those of Madame Loubet herself.

Royal Wedding Presents.

Queen Wilhelmina's presents from France were extremely beautiful. The French Government offered her a Gobelin's tapestry. Ordered long ago in view of this event, it has taken three years' constant work to make. It measures four yards by three, and represents "The Romance of the Eighteenth Century." The Dutch Diplomatic Corps at Paris gave her a *bahut*, which they had copied from a marvellous Louis XIV. at the Louvre, of satin-wood and chiselled brass; and the Dutch Colony in France had made for her a wonderful table *surtout*, of six pieces in chiselled silver, in pure rococo, copied from pieces which belonged to King Louis XV., now in the Museum of St. Germain.

The Famous Thimble.

But none of them has filled so much space or so preoccupied the French public as the now famous gold thimble said to have been chiselled in Paris by order of Mr. Kruger. This legendary

The Biggest Tips in the World.

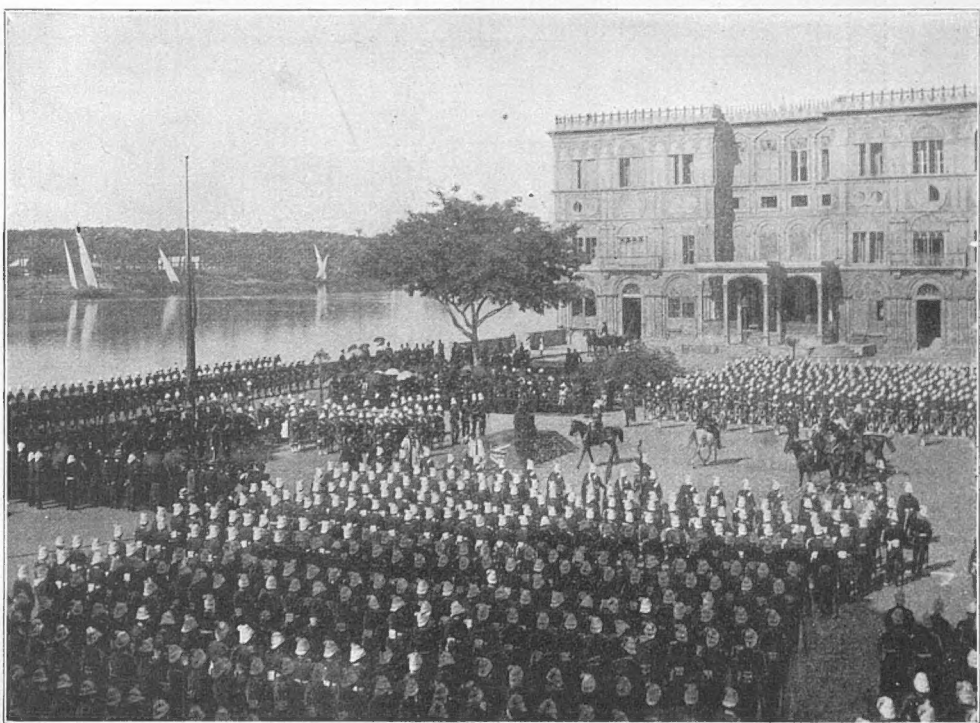
It appears that the Tzigane, or Bohemian, orchestra-players at the Café de la Paix, at Paris, are paid the most colossal *pourboires* on record. There are six of them, and a chief, making seven in all. They play from midnight to four o'clock, and they are paid thirty-five francs a-day and the tips, and it was stated in the Police Court last week that the tips amount to over fifty thousand francs a-year! The *petites femmes* who sup in this elegant café adore the Tziganes—it will be remembered that the Princess de Chimay carried off one of them and married him, to the joy of the gallery, two or three years ago—and, when the plate is passed round, they are very generous with the pocket-books of their escorts. For a favourite melody, it fairly rains upon the plate gold-pieces and five-pound notes. An amusing detail about these Tziganes is that there is nothing real about them but their dress; they belong to all the nationalities in Europe. The Princess de Chimay's Tzigane was a real one, but, in general, at Paris, to be a Tzigane is only a profession. It seems not to be a bad one.

Feminism in France.

The French Government depends, in that part of the country which has Lyons for its metropolis, for the mouthpiece of its policy upon a woman. Madame Léon Delaroche owns and manages the *Lyons Progress*, perhaps the most important Republican paper outside of Paris. She is said to have carried this paper to the highest point of influence it has ever reached. In all the Governmental movements which in the last few years have had Lyons for a centre, at the time of the assassination of Carnot, when M. Loubet was elected to the Presidency, whenever Republican politics have needed help in the South-East, this support has been tendered by Madame Delaroche. The Government has just created her Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

The Monarchs go Home.

Paris has lately been honoured with visits from the homeward-bound Monarchs who attended the Queen's funeral. Notwithstanding his advanced age, the King of the Belgians becomes more and more acutely interested in all modern sports. He visited the Automobile Exhibition at the Grand Palais, and spent hours over a vast machine declared to be capable of developing 100 horse-power and some fantastic swiftness. He appeared unexpectedly at the Parc des Princes for the Anglo-Franco match at football between the Racing Club of France and the Harlequins of London, and forgot dignity to the extent of waving his hat and cheering



MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA AT CAIRO: THE GENERAL SALUTING THE ROYAL STANDARD.

lustily when the English team resisted a remarkable attack by the French Club. Ceremony once over, His Majesty left immediately his hotel for the Salle Drouot, and, by means of an agent, bought several landscapes that the famous dramatist, Georges Feydeau, had offered

for sale. Before the opening of the war between Turkey and Greece, the King of Greece, who was leaving Paris, said, "This is the last time I shall ever visit this city." Happily, the kindly-hearted and sad-faced Monarch, whom I used to see so frequently with poor murdered Carnot, is once more back in the Hôtel Bristol. As ever, he spends the bulk of his time in haunting the toy-shops, and regards the passing hour of children's coloured happiness as being significant of the passing thought. The King of Portugal on his homeward journey baffled all the journalists, who could never pick him up. He was out of the hotel at an



THE LATE KING MILAN OF SERVIA.

Photo by Jacotin, Paris

early hour of the morning, and went immediately to the Bois de Boulogne. He has a great confidence in the virtues of the hot steam that pours into the Grand Lac, and invariably takes a glass with him, and will drink three to four glasses.

"The Sketch" as a Prophet. Five years ago, *The Sketch* suggested that the day would come when the English would require a representative team to meet the French. To-day I notice (adds my Paris Correspondent) that, as a result of the successive defeats of London football teams, the *Referee* and the *Daily Chronicle* are calling on the Rugby Union to act. Mr. Darby, the famous Cambridge Blue, has simply revolutionised French football.

The Passing of King Milan. The death of King Milan is, unfortunately, not to be regretted from any point of view, but the very fact that this is so shows how remarkably successful the monarchical régime on the whole may claim to be, for the ex-Sovereign of Serbia was literally the only Monarch of his day of whom such a statement could truly be made. King Milan was very little known in this country, although during the last fifteen years he had paid several incognito visits to London. Paris was his favourite capital, but even there he received only scant sympathy, all classes taking the side of his injured wife, Queen Natalie, who, curiously enough, was also fond of making France her home. King Milan died in Vienna; he was only forty-seven, but looked much older. His last public act was to write a letter to his son, the present King of Serbia, forbidding him to marry his present Queen, who was, it will be remembered, one of Queen Natalie's Ladies-in-Waiting.

Mrs. Holford. The lamented death of Mrs. Holford reminds the Londoner of the great palace in Park Lane which belongs to her son, Captain G. Holford, of the Life Guards. This enormous building, known as Dorchester House, is absolutely useless, except as a residence for travelling Shahs and Emirs, but, unfortunately for the present possessor, it cannot be thrown into the market even were a customer available. It is, indeed, a structural white elephant, whereon the rates and taxes would afford a very comfortable income. Mrs. Holford was one of the kindest of ladies, and took some pride in the maintenance of this unwieldy house; but she will be best remembered by her poorer neighbours in Mayfair—there are many poor in that district—whom she assisted with no stinting hand. I hope to hear that Captain Holford is better. He has been very unwell, and prevented thereby from attending to his duties at Court.

The Duke of the Abruzzi. The Duke of the Abruzzi, who, on his return from his expedition to the North Pole in the summer of 1900, could not be accorded an official welcome on account of

the mourning into which the Italian nation had been plunged by the assassination of King Humbert, has now celebrated the triumph which is only his due for his daring exploit. On Jan. 14, the Royal Duke lectured in Rome, in the presence of King Victor Emmanuel II., the Queen, and nearly all the Royal Princes, on the trials and results of his expedition, which has stirred to expressions of admiration even as intrepid an explorer as the renowned Dr. Nansen. The privilege of admission to the vast Sala del Collegio Romano was eagerly sought for, and the hall was filled with a dense crowd of scientists and members of Roman Society. The audience followed with keen attention the interesting lecture, which was illustrated by lantern-slides, and the young explorer was cheered vociferously and enthusiastically when he publicly thanked his companions for their valuable and unselfish services. It is worth noting that, whereas the highest latitude reached by Nansen was 86 deg. 13 min., the young Duke's expedition penetrated the icy waste to a latitude of 86 deg. 33 min. The cold was so intense that the tails of the dogs froze on to the ice! On Jan. 26, the Duke of the Abruzzi took his ship, the *Stella Polare* (Polar Star), which had so well withstood the strain of an Arctic voyage, to Spezia, where Vice-Admiral Magnagli received him and read an address of welcome. At the Casino, diplomas of honorary membership of the Naval League of Italy were conferred on the Royal Duke and his companions, Captain Cagni and Dr. Cavalli—an honour which had not previously been accorded to anybody else.

Notes from the Riviera.

The Riviera is filling up with English, and it is very probable that many well-known people will make a point of staying at Nice and Cannes during Lent. The Riviera Carnivals had, however, their gaiety much dashed by the entire absence of British visitors from the scene. Once the deepest mourning is over, the British Colony will take its wonted place, the more so that the relations between England and France are now much less strained than they were, for the sorrowing for Queen Victoria has nowhere been more sincere and more freely expressed than in the pretty towns which line the Mediterranean from Marseilles to Mentone.

The Cannes Ladies' Club.

Feminine Clubland has now an annexe at Cannes. The members, who belong to every nationality, are exceedingly hospitable, and a delightful dance was given by the Club in the beautiful rooms of the Cercle Nautique, many members entertaining friends to dinner before. Meanwhile, the now famous Cannes Golf Club is flourishing exceedingly, thanks to the untiring efforts of the Grand Duke Michael and his beautiful wife, the Countess Torby. The fact that Queen Victoria took so deep an interest in this royal romance causes one to hope that the Emperor of Russia will relent in their favour.

A Nation's Wedding Present.

Royal personages have often given splendid estates to the nation with which they were connected, but it does not often happen that the compliment is returned. It was, therefore, a very happy idea which caused those confided with the selection of the Dutch national wedding-present to chose Orangewoud, the beautiful Friesland estate which, originally built by one of the young Queen's ancestors, was presented to the country just a hundred years ago. Friesland has always been one of the most loyal of the Dutch provinces, and great will be the joy of the people if the young Queen and her Consort spend, each year, a portion of the summer in the delightful Castle which forms the most attractive feature of the Orangewoud.



Photo by Jovanovitch, Belgrade.]



[Photo by Guesquin, Biarritz.]

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SERVIA.

Lord Provost Samuel Chisholm. Lord Provost Samuel Chisholm of the "Second City," Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Glasgow International Exhibition, is a keen and successful business-man, with a clear head and shrewd brain, who has fought his way, through many avenues of usefulness to his fellow-men,



THE HON. LORD PROVOST OF GLASGOW (MR. SAMUEL CHISHOLM),
CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
Photo by Monapenny, Glasgow.

into the front rank in a city of merchants and business-men alike keen and pushing. "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word" is the old civic motto. Here is a man who can preach a sermon or make a political or any other kind of speech. The Lord Provost in some respects is a wonderful man. He can adapt himself to any audience, and he always says the right thing. When he speaks, it is to the point, and everyone can hear him. Norman Macleod, as a parish minister in Glasgow, used to feel overwhelmed by his letters and engagements. The Provost can beat him. Now it is a temperance or religious gathering, an actors' or a Volunteer dinner, a political or philanthropic cause. He is always well to the front, never a mere figure-head, but one who has borne the burden and heat of the day whatever was uppermost. It is on record that he addressed three meetings in the three capitals—Dublin, Edinburgh, and London—within three days.

The Lord Provost has a long record of work in connection with a society in which the late Professor Drummond was much interested—the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Society—in Sunday Schools, and Young Men's

Christian Associations. Many a trip he has had down the Clyde with these Foundry Boys. He made his mark, after entering the Town Council in 1888, in connection with the City Improvement Trust Bill, which has transformed certain districts of Glasgow for the better, and there is Chisholm Street to keep his memory green. He has helped also to reduce the rates. He stood as a Radical candidate for the Camlachie Division in 1896, but failed to get in. The city showed its appreciation of his services by electing him Chief Magistrate in 1899. He is also Lord-Lieutenant of the County of the City of Glasgow. It will be remembered that he interviewed Sir Francis Knollys,



MR. H. A. HEDLEY,
GENERAL MANAGER AND SECRETARY OF THE GLASGOW
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
Photo by Annan and Sons, Glasgow.

and the date was fixed for May 7 when the Prince of Wales should open the Exhibition. It is presumed that the King will open the Exhibition, in fulfilment of his promise made as Prince of Wales. Samuel Chisholm was born at Dalkeith in 1836, and joined his brother in Glasgow, in 1870, in

the wholesale grocery business of S. and R. Chisholm. As a business-man, he pays great attention to small details. His present recreation (like that of the Editor of *The Sketch*) is hard work all the day and nearly half the night. As to reading, he knows his Bible, Shakspeare, Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Thomas Carlyle.

Henry Anthony Hedley.

A General Manager very often acts as a buffer between Committees and the public. He bears all the grumbles, and sometimes gets less than his share of the credit for his powers of organisation and hard work. But it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of his position, and in that his work is well or ill done may mean success or failure for such a vast undertaking as an International Exhibition. Mr. Hedley is an old hand at the business, from the Health and Inventions in London, 1884, Edinburgh of 1886, and many others, to Glasgow of 1901. The last Glasgow Exhibition was a most gratifying success under his management, and I trust this may be much more so. Among his able coadjutors, the name of Bailie Shearer is worthy of honourable mention as Convener of the Grounds and Building Committee, probably the most responsible post connected with the Exhibition. Nine Moors are erecting a pavilion for the display of Moorish exhibits in the grounds. Messrs. Lever Brothers have erected a facsimile of the workmen's dwellings at Port Sunlight. Four pavilions have been found too small for the Russian exhibits, and two more are being erected. Bath City Council is lending the cup presented by the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce to John Palmer, who introduced mail-coaches. The Scottish Historical Section is being



THE FAMOUS YACHT "LAUREA," WHICH RECENTLY RAN ON THE
ROCKS AT MARSEILLES AND BECAME A TOTAL WRECK.

enriched by memorials of Mary Queen of Scots; the Duke of Norfolk is sending the gold rosary and crucifix preserved by the Scottish Queen till her execution, also a pearl necklace of hers. Lord Elgin sends the sword of Robert the Bruce. The Duke of Buccleuch and other Scottish noblemen are also considerable contributors.

The Last of the Famous "Laurea."

The *New York Herald* (Paris edition) states in a telegram from Marseilles that the well-known twenty-ton cutter *Laurea*, belonging to Mr. Edward Hore, of the Royal Temple Yacht Club, after finishing a race on Sunday, ran on the rocks at the end of the breakwater, and became a total loss. All her crew were saved. *Laurea* was built by Messrs. Sibbick and Co., of Cowes, in 1899, and proved one of the fastest craft of her size afloat. Her chief triumph was her successful defence, on two occasions, of the Coupe de France from vessels specially built with a view to taking that international trophy back to France. In 1900, at Ramsgate, her opponent was *Quand-même*, which she easily defeated. At Trouville Regatta last August *Laurea* won the Grand Prize of £400 and a Prix d'Honneur presented by the French President.

Mr. Plowden as an Actor.

On Wednesday, Mr. Plowden, the Magistrate at Marlborough Street, dismissed an itinerant actor who was brought before him. The actor refuted the accusation against him with considerable spirit; but probably he did not know that, when giving his quips and cranks to the Magistrate, he was dealing with a gentleman not unaccustomed to tread the boards. As a matter of fact, Mr. Plowden is one of the best of amateur actors, and his David Garrick is well worthy of comparison with Mr. Charles Wyndham's rendering of the character. It is an impersonation which is both full of spirit and also, if I may use the term, "very human." If Mr. Plowden had ever gone upon the stage as a professional actor, he would undoubtedly have "arrived," as the French say.

*Wedding of Lady
Marjorie
Carrington and
Mr. C. W. Wilson.*

On the 12th inst., St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, was crowded to the doors with a most distinguished congregation to witness the marriage of Mr. Charles Wellesley Wilson and the Lady Marjorie Carrington. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Mr. Charles H. Wilson, M.P., is Sheriff of Hull, and he served with distinction as a Lieutenant in the "C.I.V.," while the

and so was, in course of time, bound to succeed the late Earl in the House of Lords. His father was killed while steeple-chasing at Windsor, and the bridegroom-elect follows the family tradition as to sport, for he is a first-rate shot and one of the best horsemen in the United Kingdom. Lord Guilford has two country seats—Waldershare Park, near Dover, where hitherto his mother has acted as hostess to his friends; and Glemham Hall, near Wickham Market. The marriage is expected to take place shortly after Easter.



[Photo by London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W.]

MR. CHARLES WELLESLEY WILSON (SON OF MR. CHARLES H. WILSON, M.P.)



[Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.]

LADY MARJORIE CARRINGTON (DAUGHTER OF EARL AND COUNTESS CARRINGTON).

MARRIED AT ST. MARK'S CHURCH, NORTH AUDLEY STREET, ON TUESDAY, FEB. 12.

bride is the eldest daughter of Earl Carrington. The Dean of Lichfield performed the nuptial rite, and Earl Carrington gave his daughter away. She wore a simple gown of white chiffon with a lovely train of priceless old "point d'esprit" lace. She did not wear any jewellery, but carried a magnificent bouquet of white orchids and lilies-of-the-valley. She was followed by two smart little pages, Viscount Wendover (her brother) and Master Nigel Musgrave (her cousin), and also by seven bridesmaids, all picturesquely costumed in peach-coloured satin. The bridesmaids, instead of wearing the usual "picture-hat," wore wreaths of Parma violets in the hair. Viscount Acheson acted as best man.

*The King and
Queen Give a
Present.*

Owing to the national mourning, there was no formal reception at the ceremony, only the near relations of both families meeting at 50, Grosvenor Street (Lord Carrington's house), and, later, the happy pair left for Nice, where they will spend the honeymoon. The presents were most magnificent, and included, from the King and Queen, a superb diamond-and-turquoise brooch, besides hundreds of other presents of plate and jewellery.

*The Spanish Royal
Marriage.*

Were it not that so many other matters have lately occupied the British people, there can be no doubt that much interest would have been taken in the marriage of the Princess of the Asturias to Prince Charles of Bourbon. The ceremony took place on Thursday last, under very gloomy conditions. So unpopular is the choice of the Princess, who is regarded by many people as Spain's future Queen, that there has been great rioting in the streets, and the course of true love has by no means run smooth. The Count of Caserta, the father of the bridegroom, was at one time an enthusiastic Carlist, and fought against the present Spanish dynasty; he is, accordingly, very unpopular in Madrid. The Count, who is *de jure* King of the two Sicilies, has of late spent a very quiet life in Cannes, where he and his wife are the owners of a beautiful villa at which the British Colony is often hospitably entertained. The marriage of the Princess Mercedes is a great grief to the young King, who is devoted to his eldest sister. Although arrangements have been made for the young couple to spend more than half the year in Spain, it is likely that the unkind fashion in which the populace of Madrid have treated the Royal bridegroom and his father will cause them to be more in France than in the young bride's native country, the more so that the marriage is from every point of view a love-match.

*A New
Engagement.*

There are comparatively few bachelor Earls; accordingly, the engagement of one of them, Lord Guilford, to Miss Pawson, a niece of Lord St. Vincent and Lady Harris, is not without interest. Lord Guilford, who is the head of the North family, is only twenty-four, and he succeeded his father at the age of nine,

*Debrett's Royal
Supplement.*

A most serviceable and handy little reference brochure has just been issued by Messrs. Dean and Son, Limited, of 160A, Fleet Street. This is a "Royal Supplement" to Debrett's exceedingly useful "Peerage, Baronetage, Knighthood, and Companionage," and presents in a succinct form the chief dates of interest in the lives of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and of the other members of the Royal Family. It will doubtless command a large sale.

Smart Mourning.

It has been very interesting to note what kind of mourning guests have been wearing at the recent smart weddings. On these occasions a certain latitude is surely

permissible, and the theory which considers all fur, however bright in the colouring, as mourning is liberally interpreted, beautiful coats and capes of sable brightening up many an otherwise sombre costume. On the other hand, all those ladies connected with any of the many Royal Households are seen in the deepest and most rigorous mourning, the gowns and bonnets worn by members of Her late Majesty's *entourage* being really approximate to the old-fashioned widow's mourning, which is now so rarely seen.

*Memorial to
Ruskin at Herne
Hill.*

The memorial tablet and medallion of John Ruskin which has been placed in St. Paul's Church, Herne Hill, and unveiled with befitting ceremony by Mr. Holman Hunt, the oldest surviving friend of the great art-critic, will serve to perpetuate the fame of the distinguished resident whose memory and influence have but little place, it is to be feared, in the thoughts of the majority of the people who occupy the villas that now cover the green spaces that surrounded Ruskin's early home at Herne Hill. It is of interest to recall that the principal work of Ruskin was achieved while resident at Herne Hill and in the house on Denmark Hill, which he occupied for thirty years. Coniston has already a double attraction from the fact that the author of "Modern Painters" died there and was there laid to rest.



The Princess of the Asturias. [Photo by Valentin, Madrid.]
THE PRINCESS OF THE ASTURIAS (AND HER SISTER).



[Photo by Numa Blano fils, Cannes.]
PRINCE CHARLES OF BOURBON.

MARRIED LAST THURSDAY AT MADRID.

THE SOCIAL JESTER



A LETTER TO DOLLIE—ON GROWING UP.

MY DEAR DOLLIE,—When I was a boy at school, I was constantly being assured by grown-up people that I was then passing through the happiest days of my life. Why these good people insisted on telling me this I do not quite know. If they meant to cheer me up, they went to work in a curious way. Just imagine! An elderly gentleman comes across a small boy in a railway carriage who is weeping bitterly because he is on his way back to compulsory football, rice-pudding, and surreptitious punches in the back. The elderly gentleman, after thanking his lucky stars that no one can ever again set him lines or make him field without the chance of an innings, leans over to the tear-begrimed youngster and says heartily, "Now then, now then, what's all this about?" The youth very properly reflects that he has not been introduced to the elderly gentleman, and turns his back in a manner that plainly indicates his desire to be left alone with his grief. His would-be comforter, nothing daunted, bursts out again with, "Going back to school, eh? Why, your school-days are the happiest days of your life!"

Think of it, dear Dollie! In addition to all his other troubles, the weeping lad is left face-to-face with the cruel assertion that he will never even be so happy in after life as he is at that moment. But you and I happen to know that the elderly gentleman is quite wrong. We are in the fortunate position of being able to look at things for ourselves, our minds unprejudiced by any trite philosophy or stale crumbs of comfort. And so we have come to the conclusion that to-morrow is the happiest day of our lives—always to-morrow, because, however happy to-day has been, to-morrow is full of delightful uncertainties and glorious possibilities.

I am quite with you, then, when you tell me that you are longing to put your hair up and lengthen your skirts. You are tired of being classed with the "younger ones," tired of being told that little girls were made to be seen and not heard, tired of having your wavy locks tweaked by patronising old gentlemen, tired of being sent to bed at the absurdly early hour of half-past nine. Of course you are! I know what it feels like to be between the ages of fifteen and seventeen. One understands so much more of things in general than the elders suppose. For myself, I never was a girl, but I can guess how the old joke about playing with dolls on the quiet must pall after a time. I shall never forget the way you shut me up when I once chaffed you about the very same thing.

And here let me tell you, before we go any further, how glad I am to have had the privilege and benefit of your acquaintance. I dread to think how many young ladies of your age I might have offended if you had not let me understand very clearly what was acceptable to you and what was not. You were inclined to be a little bit shy of me the first time we met, but you soon discovered what a meek old thing I was, and began to treat me with proportionate kindness.

I wonder whether you guessed, my dear Dollie, that I was just a little bit afraid of you. Don't think that I am trying to make fun of you. I mean every word of it. I had been attempting, I remember, to say some of those smart and insincere things that sometimes pass muster for wit when everybody is too

ready to laugh and too lazy to think. You bore with me patiently for a time, and then suddenly turned round and asked me to explain myself. Of course, I pretended not to mind, but you scored distinctly. We had one or two passages of arms afterwards—I hope we may often engage in such mimic battles—but I know we began to understand each other from that moment.

"But," you remark, in that practical way of yours, "what has all this to do with the subject? I thought you were going to write to me on the subject of growing up."

So I am. But, lest you should think I cannot stick to my subject, let me make a little confession. I wanted to remind you of our relative positions, and this for two reasons—firstly, that you should not accuse me of trying to patronise; and secondly, to let you know that I don't intend to preach. We have already admitted in this letter that you are quite justified in wishing to be grown-up, also that it is extremely tiresome to be neither one thing nor the other. And yet, you know, I don't think you ought to be altogether dissatisfied with



your present condition. Your skirts, certainly, do not trail on the ground in the manner that your elder sister, Miss Maisie, considers so graceful. But you find the advantage of their brevity, I imagine, when you happen to be running upstairs in a hurry. Your hair, confined by a single ribbon, hangs down your back, but you haven't always got to be worrying about with hair-pins and things. It quite makes my arms ache in sympathy to see how often Miss Maisie has to assure herself that no stray lock is coming down. The just-grown-up young lady generally betrays herself in this way. But I must implore you not to let her know that I said so.

You tell me, too, that your brothers are so fond of "shutting you up" when you "venture to make a remark" at lunch or dinner. Now, dear Dollie, with all due deference to a young lady of such undoubted perspicacity (on referring to the dictionary, you will find that I am paying you a compliment), I must admit that you "venture" a good deal on occasion. Your observations, also, are frequently more trenchant than diplomatic. It is possible that this same lack of diplomacy arises from the "shutting-up" system that you allude to in such characteristic terms; but I wouldn't mind betting you (if I ever did bet) six pairs of gloves (you shall select the colour) to a box of cigarettes (I shall select the brand) that, when you really are grown-up, you will find it advisable to check your flow of ideas if your elder brothers and sisters wish to lay down the law. Probably you will think more; but you will certainly say a good deal less.

There is one particular nuisance that you will escape, to a very great degree, as long as you remain in the three-quarter stage, but which is bound to pursue you from the moment that you raise your hair and drop your skirts until you are finally and irrevocably married. I allude, of course, to the sentimental young man. You may suppose, as you survey the world of Society from the whole height of your compulsory aloofness, that you will be able to fend off the attentions of this mouthing, meandering, maundering creature. Allow me to inform you, rudely but firmly, that to dream of such immunity merely betrays your entire ignorance of the species to which I refer. Of course, I am glad to find you, up to the present, unaware of his existence, but it is just as well that you should be on your guard against him.

I regret that I have not time or space to describe him to you with any degree of sufficiency in this letter. If you will remind me, I will devote myself at some length to the subject of the sentimental young man when next I have the pleasure of writing to you. In the meantime, let me give you a word of warning, in case you happen to stray across his devious track. Don't try to snub him or to argue with him. Notice of any kind is altogether the wrong kind of treatment to apply. Just ignore him quietly. Probably he will think you intensely dull, and will tell somebody so, and the somebody will repeat it to you. But I shouldn't mind that. It is only bores who are really dull, and nobody of any perception, my dear Dollie, could call you a bore.

Chicist



"GOING BACK TO SCHOOL, EH?"

A BIT SHY THE FIRST TIME WE MET.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA: AN ANECDOTAL SKETCH.

IN the long rôle of British history there has never been a Queen Consort at once so beautiful and so beloved as Queen Alexandra.

In past times, the position of a Princess of Wales was not considered an enviable one, and not till the title was adorned by "the Sea-King's daughter from over the sea" did it begin to bear pleasurable and happy associations. Those who have had the privilege of being about the new Court declare that Her Majesty even now cannot bear to be known by her new title; and, till the last act of the great pageant which for so many days filled all our hearts and minds was finally accomplished, Queen Alexandra continued to style herself, both in public and in private, "Princess of Wales."

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S CHILDHOOD.

In curious contrast to the lonely and rather sad childhood of our late beloved Sovereign were the early years of Edward the Seventh's gracious Consort. Princess Alexandra of Denmark was the eldest daughter and second child of a happy family of six children, and, though actually born in the Gule Palace at Copenhagen, the Princess, her two younger sisters, and her three brothers spent much of their childhood at Rumpenheim, a fine old Castle near Frankfort, where the then Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and their children also spent many of their holidays, the Duchess being aunt to Princess Christian of Denmark. This link to the British Royal Family was destined to lead to many important events, and certainly played a part in the marriage of the Duke of York to Princess May of Teck.

THE TEACHERS OF THE FUTURE QUEEN.

Princess Alexandra and Princess Dagmar—for Princess Thyra, the youngest of "the three Royal Graces," as they were afterwards styled, was much younger than her two elder sisters—received much of their actual education from their father and mother. Princess Christian of Denmark was a remarkably good musician and linguist; and Prince Christian, a very well-read Prince and of a studious disposition, delighted in nothing more than in imparting knowledge to his sons and daughters. We learn that several hours of each day were spent by the Royal couple in actual teaching, though both the Princes and Princesses had a resident tutor and governess.

ONLY FAIRY TALES.

Stories have been told concerning the fashion in which the future Queen of England and future Empress of Russia spent their time making gowns and bonnets they were too poor to buy! These are apocryphal; their Royal Highnesses were as interested in pretty things as are all maidens, but at no time was it necessary for them to become amateur Worths.

THE MOTHER OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

It is from her mother, a niece of the late Duchess of Cambridge, and heiress at one time, in her own right, to the Throne of Denmark, that Queen Alexandra inherited her striking personal beauty.

Queen Louise, who grew in time to be known as "the mother-in-law of all Europe," was, when she married Prince Christian of Denmark, one of the cleverest and most accomplished Princesses of her time, and her marriage to the then Prince Christian of Denmark was a love-match, this affection enduring, and, indeed, growing deeper, during their fifty-odd years of happy married life.

HER MAJESTY'S FATHER.

King Christian, now one of the wisest and most popular of European Sovereigns, was at the time of his marriage to Princess Louise of Hesse-Cassel by no means regarded as a future King—indeed, his eldest daughter was nine years old when the change took place in her father's position which made him Heir-Presumptive to the Crown. But this, we are told, made but little difference to the actual life of his children, save that during the summer months of each year Prince and Princess Christian spent the holidays at Bernstorff, and it was there that the future Queen Alexandra learned to love the simple pleasures attached to country life.

A PRETTY STORY.

The story goes that one day, when picnicking in the lovely woods which surround Bernstorff, the three Princesses—the youngest but four years old—were discussing their future hopes and aspirations. "As for me," exclaimed Princess Dagmar, "I hope to have all the best that the world can give. I should like to become great and powerful, for then I should be able to do so much for myself and others." "As for me," observed the baby Princess Thyra, "I should like to be very good, for then I should be very happy!" "I do not mind what happens to me," observed the elder and the most beautiful of the three Princesses, "so long as I am always surrounded by love"—an aspiration which in the case of



HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Her present Majesty has been quite singularly fulfilled, both in the case of her immediate *entourage* and of the nation at large.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S CONFIRMATION.

Queen Alexandra's first public appearance was on the occasion of her Confirmation, which was celebrated with very great pomp in the Chapel Royal attached to the Christiansborg Palace, Copenhagen. The then King, the Queen-Dowager, and all the high dignitaries of State were present; added *clat* being given by the fact that the Confirmation of Princess Alexandra's eldest brother, the present Crown Prince, took place at the same time. Of ordinary Court festivals the future Queen Consort of Great Britain and Ireland had little or no knowledge, but it may be said without flattery that she was, in a very true sense, to the manner born, and, when visiting the various European Courts with her parents, none of those who had the privilege of seeing her in that fine burst of youth and beauty could have guessed how very simple and how shorn of all pomp and State had been her early girlhood.

A ROYAL ROMANCE.

Many charming stories have been told concerning the preliminaries of the formal engagement of the then Prince of Wales to Princess Alexandra. According to one story, Queen Victoria's youthful Heir-Apparent first saw his future wife's portrait when paying a call on the Duchess of Cambridge. Being left in her boudoir for a few moments, the Prince—according to this tale—was struck by the sight of a miniature lying on her table; it was that of a very lovely girl whose beauty much struck the future King. Not liking to ask his cousin directly the name of

formed a fitting escort. The good people of Margate were the first English folk to welcome the Princess, for a deputation from that town arrived in a boat to present an address of congratulation. At last, when the Royal yacht came in view at Gravesend, an immense shout went up from the shore, and great was the excitement, both on board and among the crowds which lined the land, when it became known that the Prince of Wales was on his way to the Royal yacht. A pretty little incident then took place in the sight of the assembled thousands. The young Prince, springing across the gangway which separated him from the deck of the Royal yacht, went quickly forward to meet his betrothed, and, bending over her, gave her a most affectionate kiss, this touch of nature greatly delighting the crowds lining the pier and shore. As the Prince and Princess stepped on to the pier, sixty girls belonging to the County of Kent, and dressed in red-and-white, the Danish national colours, strewed flowers for the Royal couple to walk on.

"A BRIGHT, BEAUTIFUL YOUNG FACE."

Many contemporary descriptions were written of what proved to be the future Queen Alexandra's first drive through London—a town destined to be her happy home for so many eventful years; but of all those accounts the most charming was that penned by the now veteran politician-journalist, Mr. Justin McCarthy: "On a certain day in March 1863, I stood on a platform in Trafalgar Square, and saw a bright, beautiful young face smiling and bending to a crowd on either side, and I, like everybody else, was literally stricken with admiration of the beauty, the sweetness, and the grace of the Princess Alexandra of Denmark." In spite of the splendid welcome extended to the Princess, this long, tiring day was a truly awful ordeal for so young a girl, and it is on record that, though she smiled and bowed to the last, when the lovely bride-elect finally found herself in the shelter of Windsor Castle, she fell fainting to the ground, and Queen Victoria wisely arranged that she should have two days of complete rest before the wedding-day.

THE 10TH MARCH, 1863.

The 10th March, 1863, should be marked in the British calendar with a white stone, for on that eventful day Princess Alexandra of Denmark became Princess of Wales. The ceremony took place in St. George's Chapel, this being the first Royal marriage celebrated there since that of Henry I. Though surrounded by every possible pomp and circumstance, the actual service did not last very long, all eyes being fixed on the beautiful bride, whose white satin gown, draped with Honiton lace and garlands of orange-blossoms, looked curiously simple in comparison with the garments worn by the bridegroom, who was in the uniform of a British General, and who, in addition to the collar of the Order, wore the rich, flowing, purple velvet mantle of a Knight of the Garter. The Princess's eight bridesmaids wore white tulle dresses trimmed with blush-roses, shamrocks, and white heather.

THE ROYAL HONEYMOON.

The Prince of Wales took his bride off to Osborne, and it was there, in the Queen's island-home, that the future King and Queen of these realms spent their brief honeymoon. But before starting, much amusement was created among the Royal guests by the Prince of Wales receiving a telegram, which ran: "Ten loyal English boys in Bonn, can ne'er restrain their hearts' desire, to send their future King and Queen their wishes, with their hearts therein, that beat for them till they expire."



EAST FRONT OF SANDRINGHAM HOUSE.

the lady, the Prince sent a friend to make the inquiry for him, and was informed that the portrait was that of the Duchess of Cambridge's great-niece, Princess Alexandra of Denmark. Whether this story be true or not, there is little doubt that the first momentous meeting between Edward VII. and the Queen took place in the beautiful old Cathedral of Worms, Princess Alexandra being at the time only seventeen. The Royal courtship took place in King Leopold of Belgium's charming country Palace of Laeken, and it was there, very shortly after the death of the Prince Consort, that Queen Victoria first saw her future daughter-in-law.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE BRIDE-ELECT.

Our late Sovereign and her daughters, particularly Princess Alice, soon became most warmly attached to the Prince of Wales's lovely betrothed, and both in Her Majesty's diaries and in the letters of the Grand Duchess of Hesse are frequent and charming references to the "dear Alex" and "sweet Alex" who became so true and devoted a daughter to her husband's mother. Queen Victoria, always an ardent admirer of beauty in any form, delighted in Princess Alexandra's rare loveliness, and, on one occasion, when a little dog, told to take a nosegay to the most beautiful lady present, ran towards the Queen, Her Majesty pushed him gently away, directing his attention to her daughter-in-law.

DENMARK'S ADIEU TO ITS PRINCESS

Princess Alexandra had in '63 a touching send-off from the Danish people, and she left her early home not only accompanied by the warmest wishes and prayers of a united people, but also by her mother and father and brothers and sisters, for it had been arranged that, according to old custom, the marriage of the Prince of Wales should take place in this country, and not in that of his bride.

THE POETS AND THE PRINCESS.

As was natural, British poets were not slow in availing themselves of the opportunity given them by the Royal marriage. Tennyson admirably summed up the popular enthusiasm in some fine verses—

Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
The Sea-King's daughter, as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the Kings of the Sea—
O joy to the people and joy to the Throne!
Come to us, love us, and make us your own.

And other less-known bards were almost equally happy, very charming being those verses which began—

Fair Danish rose, transplanted
To bloom in English air;
A nation's voice has welcomed
A flower so rich and rare.
Thy winning grace and beauty,
Thy charms but yet half-known,
Thy sweet, attractive goodness,
Have made all hearts thine own.

A WONDERFUL JOURNEY.

The Princess Alexandra's journey to this country was one of the last triumphal progresses of the kind the world was fated to see, for nowadays Royal personages travel far more like ordinary folk. Carpets of flowers were strewn in front of the future Queen of England, and the very hedges which skirted the railway line along which the Royal train travelled were made beautiful in honour of the bride-elect. The Royal party embarked at Antwerp on board the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, and eight British men-of-war



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

From Photographs by Ralph, Derstringham.

It need hardly be said that, when the Prince and Princess sent their thanks for this original message, they expressed the hope that the ten boys in question would be given a day's holiday, which was duly granted.

HER MAJESTY'S FIRST DRAWING-ROOM.

How strange it is now to think that Queen Alexandra, who has so often taken the place of our late Sovereign at a Drawing-Room, had never seen any function of the kind before her marriage to the then Prince of Wales—indeed, Her Majesty's first Drawing-Room was held at St. James's Palace within ten days of her marriage, and over two thousand persons attended, there being five hundred presentations.

"THE ANGEL IN THE PALACE."

A charming description of the Royal bride, as she appeared within a few months of her marriage, has been left by the late Dean of Westminster. It was he, it seems, who gave the Princess the pretty name of "the angel in the Palace." "I saw a good deal of her," he noted, "and can truly say that she is as charming a creature as ever passed through a fairy-tale."

A HAPPY EVENT.

On Jan. 8, 1864, was born at Frogmore House the Prince and Princess's eldest child. As the nation soon became aware, the event was wholly unexpected, and the feeling voiced by Princess Alice was shared by all those taking an interest—and who did not?—in the Heir-Apparent and his young wife. The baby, however, thrived exceedingly, thanks in a great measure to the devoted love and care shown him by his mother—indeed, never, according to those who knew her best, was the Princess of Wales seen to such advantage as when in her nursery or surrounded by her young children; while the link which bound the Princess to her eldest child was particularly close, Prince Albert Victor—as he was called during the early years of his life—always showing a touching devotion to and pride in his beautiful mother.

THE ALEXANDRA LIMP.

The Princess had been married some four years when a bad attack of rheumatism almost crippled her, and caused the greatest anxiety to those about her. One rather absurd fact lightened the Royal gloom, and those Royalties possessed of a sense of humour were greatly diverted by observing how universal among all classes had become what was sarcastically styled "the Alexandra limp." The state of the Princess was considered so serious that her parents came over from Denmark to visit her, and Princess Alice wrote to the Queen: "I am so distressed about darling Alex that I have no peace. It may, and probably will,

last long, which is so dreadful." Although the Princess's illness did last a long time, she finally completely recovered her health, happily. One of the most lovable traits possessed by Her Majesty is her wonderful care and consideration for those laid low by illness.

HER MAJESTY'S TRAVELS.

Queen Alexandra has not been, in the modern sense of the word, a great traveller, and very, very rarely has she quitted this country simply and solely on pleasure bent. Within the first ten years of her marriage, however, the then Princess of Wales, accompanied, of course, by the Prince, made an interesting Continental tour, of which the conclusion was a stay of some duration in Egypt.

AN INTERESTING EXCURSION.

Her Majesty often refers to her excursion up the Nile—a trip full of pleasant memories, the more so that the then Princess of Wales was accompanied by one of her dearest friends, Mrs. Grey, who was in attendance on Her Royal Highness. The dahabeah in which the Royal party sailed was the *Alexandra*. It was during this voyage that the Queen ran the greatest danger of her life. The boat caught fire in mid-stream, and, had it not been for the then Prince of Wales's sharp eyes and prompt action, a horrible tragedy might have happened. As it was, the Princess and Mrs. Grey were hurried on shore, and the conflagration was extinguished.

THE FUTURE IN TURKEY.

On their return journey home, their Royal Highnesses made a short stay at Constantinople, being received with extraordinary pomp and splendour, and assisting at the first State Banquet ever offered by the Sultan of Turkey to Christian Royalties. The Sultan also allowed the Princess of Wales and Mrs. Grey to pay a visit to his Harem, an absolutely unique experience, never, it is said, repeated save in favour of the present German Empress.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA AS NURSE.

Her Majesty's deep interest in nurses and nursing is well known, but few people are aware of how real a practical knowledge is possessed by the Queen of this most womanly accomplishment. During the whole course of the then Prince of Wales's one very serious illness, that which brought him so very near to death in 1871, His Royal Highness was nursed by his wife and by his sister, Princess Alice, and a skilled trained nurse. The story of those anxious days has often been told. Less well known, perhaps, is the fact that our present Queen has never allowed certain marks of that time to be effaced, and in the ceiling of the



THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND HER SISTER
THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA (IN 1873).

Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.



ROYAL SHOOTING GROUP TAKEN DURING THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT AT SANDRINGHAM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH, DEERSINGHAM.

beautiful room occupied by Her Majesty at Sandringham is still the mark of the orifice from which projected a hook supporting the trapeze by the aid of which the King, when on the road to convalescence, changed his position without calling an attendant. A year after the Prince's illness, his sister wrote to the Queen, "That our good, sweet Alex should have been spared this terrible grief when this time last year it seemed so imminent fills my heart with gratitude for her dear sake."

UNEVENTFUL YEARS.

During many years which followed, the future Queen Consort of these realms led a happy, uneventful life, but, as time went on, the then Prince and Princess of Wales found themselves more and more compelled to represent Queen Victoria on great ceremonial occasions, the Princess proving a perfect hostess, and giving, especially during the 'seventies, some noteworthy entertainments, of which, perhaps, the great fancy-dress ball of 1874 was the most remarkable. This splendid entertainment, which was attended by fourteen hundred guests, is not yet forgotten by those who were there. The Royal host made up admirably as Vandyke's "Charles I.," while the beautiful hostess chose to appear simply as a Venetian dame of high degree, her two young sons acting as pages.

THEIR MAJESTIES' SILVER WEDDING.

The then Prince and Princess of Wales celebrated their silver wedding in the March of 1888, and this gave the nation a touching opportunity of showing with what loyal affection the future Sovereign and his Consort were regarded, while perhaps, among the public gifts, their Royal Highnesses were most gratified at receiving a fine piece of plate from the Colonies. The Prince of Wales's present to the Princess was a cross of diamonds and rubies, and the eight bridesmaids who had figured so prominently at the historic ceremony of 1863 presented the Princess with an autograph-book in which each had written both her maiden name and her married name, while a pretty idea was to present this interesting volume in a Danish silver casket.

THE QUEEN AS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Queen Alexandra first became a mother-in-law on the marriage of her daughter, Princess Louise of Wales, to the Duke of Fife. From the point of view of the then Prince and Princess of Wales, their eldest daughter could not have made a happier choice, for they were both on terms of intimate friendship with the Duke, and his house was the only bachelor establishment ever honoured by the presence of the Princess of Wales, while when he, as Earl of Fife, took his seat in the House of Lords, his future Sovereign was one of his introducers. The second of Her Majesty's sons-in-law, Prince Charles of Denmark, is, as all the world knows, Queen Alexandra's own nephew, the second son of her much-loved elder brother, and so devoted is the Prince to his wife's mother that it is said he himself suggested that Appleton Hall should be one of their married homes, because of its near proximity to Sandringham. The marriage of the Duke of York to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck must have been the more pleasing to the Duke's mother inasmuch that the bride-elect was, as we have seen, related through her mother, the Duchess of Teck, to the venerable Queen of Denmark. Ever since the day she arrived in this country, Queen Alexandra was on the most affectionate and cordial terms with her Cambridge cousins, and in her

the Duchess of York has found what is supposed to be so rare, namely, a perfectly ideal mother-in-law.

THE SHADOW ON THE THRONE.

The one shadow on Queen Alexandra's otherwise happy and well-filled life has undoubtedly been the loss of her eldest son. In a hundred touching ways Her Majesty has shown how permanent this grief has been, and, though she has never saddened those about her by its too frequent expression, those who have the privilege of her acquaintance are aware that life has not been the same to the Queen Consort since.

HER MAJESTY'S TASTES AND PERSONAL HABITS.

Her Majesty's personal tastes and habits are well known to the majority of King Edward's subjects, and it is a singular and touching fact that each and all of Queen Alexandra's hobbies, if so they may be called, have become associated with some form of well-doing. Her love of animals has led to her taking an intense interest in all those excellent societies which have for object the well-being of cats, dogs, and horses. Her Majesty's knowledge of nursing has caused her during the last twenty years to do much that has greatly added to the prestige of the nursing profession, and, not content with being Lady Bountiful at Sandringham, her care for the poor and suffering has enabled her to accomplish wonders in those great cities of which the poorer quarters seem far removed from the ken of Royalty.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND THE SERVICES.

Queen Alexandra has long taken a very particular and special interest in both the great Services with which the King and her sons have always been associated. During the last year Her Majesty has taken a foremost part in the organisation of all those funds which have for object that of benefitting our absent armies in South Africa, and the splendid work done by the hospital-ship *Princess of Wales* is still remembered by even the most forgetful among us.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Apropos of the reference to Marconi and wireless telegraphy in *The Sketch* the other week, it is an interesting fact that the Italian electrician, who, by the way, on the first day of the King's reign accomplished the astonishing feat of sending wireless messages

over two hundred miles of sea, recognises the claims of James Lindsay, a poor Dundee savant, to whose memory Sir John Leng and others are taking steps to do honour, as the real inventor of wireless telegraphy. "I have always," Signor Marconi writes to Sir John, "been a sincere admirer of Lindsay. Had he been more appreciated in his time and more fortunate, it is possible that wireless telegraphy would have been far in advance of what it is." Born in 1799, Lindsay was taught weaving. From his earliest years all his leisure was devoted to self-education and to the acquirement of knowledge in science. As far back as 1835 he had his room lit by an electric-light of his own installation; nearly fifty years ago, Lindsay conducted experiments in wireless telegraphy in London, Portsmouth, and Dundee; and in 1859 he read a paper on the subject to the members of the British Association. In consideration of his scientific attainments, Lord Derby, in 1858, granted Lindsay a pension of one hundred pounds, which he enjoyed till 1862, when death stayed the progress of a great work—a dictionary in fifty different languages—on which he had been labouring for years.



KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA WITH H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF FIFE AND LADY ALEXANDRA DUFF.

Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Sloane Street, S.W.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK,

WELCOME BACK TO LONDON AFTER HIS INDISPOSITION.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.



MISS GENEVIEVE WARD AS VOLUMNIA IN "CORIOLANUS," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE GAINSBOROUGH STUDIO, OXFORD STREET, W.



MR. F. R. BENSON AS CORIOLANUS, AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.



MISS JULIE OPP,

WHO HAS FAR TOO SMALL A PART IN "THE AWAKENING," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Miss Julie Opp, a new portrait of whom is herewith presented, looks in the St. James's new play, "The Awakening," even more charming than hitherto, and that, as our readers know, is saying a good deal. This handsome American citizeness (who is wife to the young romantic actor, Mr. Robert Loraine) has not been too graciously treated in this new play. She starts the First Act thereof in a game of Bridge ("What a game!" as one of the characters says), and, almost before you can say "How lovely she looks!" lo! the lovely Miss Julie disappears and is seen no more. What a waste of promising histrionic ability and fascinating femininity! This photograph is by Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.



MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON,

WHO HAS MADE A SUCCESS AS LADY MARGARET STAINES IN "THE AWAKENING," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

That excellent actress, Miss Gertrude Kingston, makes her debut at the St. James's in "The Awakening," in which play it is her lot again to represent the character of a woman that finds too late that men betray. Although this character is scarcely worthy, in a histrionic sense, of Miss Kingston's proved artistic abilities, yet she, of course, enacts it with all that resource and intensity for which she has become famous. Mr. Chambers has made this character, Lady Margaret Staines, something of a peevish "nagger," and it is all the more credit to this able actress that she is able to rouse the interest of the audience as she does. It may be here added that Miss Kingston will, in the course of a few months at the outside, start a theatrical venture of her own, presenting one of several new plays which she has secured. These all contain fine acting opportunities for herself as for the strong company which she will engage. This photograph is also by Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.



MISS SHELAH CORNWALLIS-WEST,
WHOM HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER HAS WON AS BRIDE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. DANIELS, TACHBROOK STREET, S.W.



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER,
GENERALLY FELICITATED ON HIS MARRIAGE TO MISS SHELAH CORNWALLIS-WEST.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

MAJOR-GENERAL POLE-CAREW, C.B.

A Smart Soldier and Popular Guardsman, who is About to Marry Lady Beatrice Butler.

IT is remarkable how many of England's soldiers and sailors have come from the "West Country." Indeed, there seems to be something in the air of Cornwall and Devonshire that is especially conducive to the attainment of prowess with the sword. The list—extending from Blake to Buller—of those who have thus distinguished themselves is a long and goodly one, and included in it are the names of many to whom our Empire's greatness is due. Of these

MAJOR-GENERAL REGINALD POLE-CAREW, whose marriage to the beautiful Lady Beatrice Butler takes place shortly, is by no means the least.

Born in 1849, at the old-world estate of Antony, Cornwall, the future head of the Guards Brigade in the South African campaign in which the

He is one of the best-looking men who ever wore the scarlet and gold of the Guards, while his social gifts have been sufficiently pronounced to obtain for him more than one appointment as "A.D.C." or Private Secretary on the Headquarter Staff in India. His good luck, however, has never been grudged him, for it has invariably been freely acknowledged in Service circles that he has been the best man available.

In 1895 (when he had become a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Guards), Pole-Carew commenced a spell of "Home Service." For the four years elapsing between this date and 1899, he commanded the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards. His tenure of the appointment was marked by the raising of the regiment's efficiency to a very high standard. Indeed, it is not too much to say that, when he handed the command over to his successor, there was not a smarter or a better-disciplined one in the whole Brigade.

The laws governing the destinies of Army officers, however, are as inexorable as those ruling the tides. Accordingly, after having been for four years at the head of his battalion, Pole-Carew was relegated to



SOUVENIR OF QUEEN WILHELMINA'S CORONATION: HER MAJESTY BOWING TO THE PEOPLE FROM THE PALACE BALCONY.

It was on this occasion the Queen is said to have first seen her future husband.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOLAN, OXFORD STREET, W.

country is still engaged was sent to Eton almost as soon as he had mastered his letters. His school-days over, he was entered at Christ Church, Oxford, where, if rumour may be believed, his distinctions were obtained in sporting rather than purely academic fields. However, be this as it may, he contrived to imbibe sufficient Latin and Greek to secure for himself, in May 1869, a commission in the Coldstream Guards.

The General's connection with India began in 1879, when he went out to Calcutta as Aide-de-Camp to Lord Lytton. The month of November of the same year was a memorable one to Pole-Carew, for in it he made two acquaintances that he has since followed up with considerable effect. One was with active service and the other was with the present Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. For both of these the outbreak of the Afghan campaign was responsible. "Polly Carey" (as he was familiarly called) distinguished himself so much in the historic march to Candahar that Sir Frederick Roberts never forgot him. In 1884, for example, he became Military Secretary to him when in command of the troops in the Madras Presidency. A similar appointment also fell to him when Roberts was made Commander-in-Chief in India. This latter appointment lasted for five years. In the meantime, he had taken part in the Burmese Expedition of 1886-1887.

the limbo of the half-pay list. He was not to languish long in this obscurity, however. The sudden

GATHERING OF THE WAR-CLOUDS

In South Africa, in October 1899, occasioned an immediate demand for the recall of capable men. Pole-Carew was one of the first to be thus selected, and on Oct. 9 he was restored to full pay and given a responsible appointment in the field. Hurrying with all speed to the Cape, he arrived in the country in time to join the Kimberley Relief Force. The first battles he took part in were, as luck would have it, two of the most sternly contested ones in the whole campaign—namely, Modder River and Magersfontein. From these, as well as from numerous other engagements that followed in different parts of the country, he emerged without a scratch. He was always in the

FOREFRONT OF THE FIGHTING-LINE,

however. Indeed, the hotter the fire and the thicker the hail of bullets, the better he seemed pleased. It is said of him by those who were under his command during the advance to Pretoria that he would stroll across the hottest corner of a battlefield as coolly as if it were a barrack-yard in England.



MISS MADGE LESSING, THE BRIGHT, PARTICULAR STAR OF THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

"Time!"—Organised Opposition—Perplexing Problems for Puzzled People—Politics Let Loose—Official Rebels—Murder with Honour—On Choosing One's Birthday.

PARLIAMENT is opened, and the Peeresses say that the ceremony was a fine sight. Woman's superiority is now generally acknowledged, and no clamour is made for "equal rights" for the sexes. But might not natural chivalry and the principle of *place aux messieurs* have prompted the ladies to admit more men than His Majesty and a few officials, especially as there are no sumptuary laws as to the height of female headgear? However, the Houses are, it is believed, open, and for some time each Party will spend its evenings denouncing everything said by the other as criminal. In Canada they are proposing to give the Leader of the Opposition a salary. The Government thus pay a man to abuse it, like those large shops which keep several official thieves on the staff to test the watchfulness of the salesmen. Why not retain a State submarine infernal-machine to grope about the keels of our warships? Or a secretly organised enemy, subsidised by Government, might land in Cornwall and lay waste the country between that and London as an experiment.

insanitary place to expire in. The braver English soldier would fall in in front of the ditch in review order, with white horse, glittering bayonet, and a brass band in the rear, and be shot like a gentleman. He dies at his post. The Boer gets behind his post and lies down and shoots.

Serious political reasonings like the above are, however, hardly *hors d'œuvres*—rather that indigestible and exhaustive *pièce de résistance* of the intellectual banquet, the leading article of the daily. And it has been hardly possible to read the papers at all of late. Several ingenious new crimes have already been invented—largely by clergymen—this century, and a Sheldon-Parker newspaper could have published nothing lately except a vague "leader" on foreign politics and the reports of the birth and death rates.

The want of rebels is a great drawback of modern times. There is a tameness about monarchy. Think of having a picturesque, gallant insurgent force which, every few months, would harry (I believe this is the technical term) the country as far down as Derbyshire, not too near London (this would raise prices uncomfortably). There would be a mysterious Henry XXVI. or Charles XIX., a succession of Henrys and Charles's having gone on "reigning" abroad (on three pounds a-week)

Duc d'Abruzzi.



ITALIAN POLAR EXPEDITION: DUC D'ABRUZZI SALUTING DR. CAVALLI ON BOARD THE "STELLA POLARE," AT SPEZIA.

(See "The Sketch" Small Talk.)

Kings' Accessions have been discussed in all their bearings, together with the Princes of Wales who have not been Princes of Wales, and the various advantages of "Edward" over "Eduardus," and "R. and I." over "R. et I." or "R. I."—the late Queen used all three: no one seems to have noticed this. The Allies are at a deadlock about the post-mortem execution of the man who saved his life in a cowardly manner by dying some time ago, and the Emperor has conferred posthumous honours on a living one, who appears confused by this dubious distinction. The Chinese situation is thus puzzling. China will probably have to pay four millions a-year as indemnity for our having sacked the capital and executed all available officials.

for generations. There is such a charm about conspirators! Nowadays, restless people agitate instead on the County Council for Housing for the Working Classes, or get up mass-meetings against vaccination. Never having "dined" a Prince of the Blood, I cannot say; but is it not a fact that, when entertaining Royalty, one still leaves out the finger-glasses, over which the Jacobites used to drink to the King "over the water"? Observe that a permanent rebel corps would keep our Army in constant training, on the principle of the above infernal-machine.

How much more exciting an Accession must be in China! The old and valued retainers would be poisoned off in the ordinary routine. Officials whose opinions were out-of-date would be promoted to a district inhabited by small-pox and banditti. Others specially devoted to the late Sovereign would be condemned to death by slow torture, this being commuted to compulsory suicide, to inaugurate the new reign by an act of benevolence.

"King's Birthday" will presumably supersede "Queen's Birthday." It adjusts itself admirably both to England, where an intermediate Bank Holiday about Nov. 9 was in course of preparation, and to Australia, which also wanted a holiday just then, and the autumn—that is, April or May—is now left clear for some species of Federation Day, which would be difficult to appoint at the New Year. Sovereigns cannot be too particular in the choice of their birthdays.

HILL ROWAN.

The Irish problem is still difficult. The majority of the inhabitants indignantly demand Home Rule, but, once it were granted, they would, on principle, embrace Unionism of a rabid character, and pay up a fraction of the last seven years' arrears of rent as a guarantee of *bona fides*. The joy of the people of Holland has been completed by letting out all the most dangerous ruffians imprisoned during the last ten years. Another generation of Yeomanry is despatched to "the Front"; indeed, the recruitable young men of the country must by now be fully called up. But the descendants of our Generals contemplate an early effort to finish the War. The Boers, however, have again announced their intention of dying in the last ditch—laudable, no doubt, though (to more fastidious nations) a ditch seems a muddy and, indeed,



THE DUTCH DUET IN "THE MESSENGER BOY," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

"I'm little Dutch girl," "I'm Dutch, too,"
"Both very fond of China blue."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE TRIUMPH.

BY LEONARD POMEROY.



At six o'clock on a certain June morning Lady Marjorie Failand awoke and found it impossible to sleep again. Fate moreover, already up and dressed, persuaded her that she did not want to. It was useless staying in bed under these circumstances, so she went to the window to greet the dawn.

She looked down at the river that flowed by the base of Sir Hugo's Tower, and she saw a man upon the narrow strip of sward, who was gazing on the shining water, and his attitude was suggestive of deep thought. This man could not be a guest at the Castle, for there were none. Lady Marjorie's world was on the Solent, at Aix, or Homburg, or by the Mediterranean. Only *she* happened to be there because her father, the Earl of Portbury, ill with the gout, had desired her company. He was the one person she feared and dared not disobey.

Of course, it was very wretched for her throughout that glorious June. Each morning she would stare more petulantly across the river and over the shimmering landscape—across the river to the meadows, where the cattle stood knee-deep among the buttercups, with their outlines softened in a haze that was like sweepings of the sun. No sound would come to break the beautiful but depressing silence save the subdued cawing of the rooks around the wood-crowned summit of the cliff in the meadow-land opposite, or a gentle plash from where the river met the reeds or wandered over stones. It was most distressing. She belonged to a class, only too common in all grades of English society, that finds it impossible to appreciate such weather and such environment from a purely æsthetic point of view. She understood that, as a setting to some costly jewel of social entertainment, to some intrigue or picnic of the "Decameron" order, they were desirable and often necessary; but—well, the reader of average intellect will know how enervating such a holiday season must have been to Lady Marjorie, alone in that grim old Castle reeking of feudalism and times worse than the present. So she sighed all day and every day for the sunlit gardens of Homburg or the violet waves of that beautiful sea whose only tide is fashion.

She looked down this morning from her window in the tower, and watched the man who stood by the stream. She watched him because he was young—little more than a boy he seemed—because she did not know who he was, and because she had nothing better to do. She would have taken it quite seriously if he, seeing her, had sung her a cheap serenade. She would have blown him a kiss and told him to go: she was that kind of girl, and her pedigree was too perfect and old and spotted for her to be otherwise. Had her grandmother been a robust kitchen-maid, I should probably have had no occasion to tell this story.

But the man did not serenade her; in fact, he did not see her. Presently he knelt in the grass, and hid his face in his hands, while his arms were resting upon a mill-stone lying there. He was evidently perturbed in mind, and it looked as if he were about to play a part, with the mill-stone for chief property—there was a convenient hole where the axle had once fitted.

The girl piled up the cushions and made herself comfortable upon the wide window-seat. With a kitchen-maid grandmother, she would have retired into her room and proceeded with her dressing; as things were, she sat there with regal insolence.

The man knelt in the grass, and she saw him quiver with emotion. Then he seemed to pray, but he might only have been thinking deeply. Suddenly he rose up, took a pipe from his pocket, filled and lighted it, and sat upon the mill-stone, blowing great clouds of smoke around him. It was bathetic of him certainly, but Lady Marjorie liked bathos, and she thought this almost as nice as if he had thrown himself into the river.

He had put off his straw-hat now, and she could see his face—a very young face, like that of a pretty, boyish girl; and in a light flannel suit he looked cool and interesting.

The girl touched a button on the wall and her maid appeared from an adjoining room in her night-attire and half-asleep.

"Who is that upon the mill-stone?"

Rachel looked down. She knew all the young men and half the young gentlemen in the old town that clung about the back of the Castle, but she could not say who this was. He certainly did not live in Portbury.

"Tourist, my lady, I expect; doing the outside before he comes in," yawned Rachel.

"Well, you can go back to bed, then; you look like an owl. I shall dress myself this morning."

But she seemed in no hurry to commence her toilet, and presently the refrain of a little French song, floating down from her window, set the man upon the mill-stone wondering. It was something of Chaminade's, light, pretty, and sad; sung by a voice more cultured than earnest.

When it was finished, the man looked up and saw Lady Marjorie sitting by the easement in her night-robe of creamy silk with countless

tucks. Her chin peeped out of a high, frilled collar, and she was as beautiful as a child of Greuze, framed in the old stones of the tower.

He thought for a moment that she *was* a picture, for he had never seen a real woman so fair. Her hair was of the palest gold, like the stems of ripe barley; and her eyes were blue, just as forget-me-nots are. In our language we have no single word that will describe the beauty of her complexion. It was what the French call *mat*—like old ivory with blood and life below its surface.

The man left the mill-stone with the air of a trespasser. He should not have been there, he thought. She would never have sung had she been aware of his presence, nor would she knowingly have allowed him that wondrous glimpse. Of course, the poor fellow lacked perception; but then he had hitherto met ladies of the middle-class only, and he could not remember that one of these had ever sung to him in night-attire from the walls of her father's Castle. So he raised his hat intuitively and went away, whilst Lady Marjorie dropped a little oath and called angrily for Rachel, just fast in her second sleep.

Lady Marjorie was bound to do something during the long days. No friends of hers remained in the neighbourhood, but she could not mope in her tower from sunrise to sunset, so she practised the only art of which she knew anything, and tried to break her beautiful neck according to the rules prescribed by Jchu—she drove a tandem, and her leader was a blue-roan devil.

That morning she had a spanking run of fourteen miles in fifty-seven minutes, and might have reached the Castle gates within the hour had not the blue-roan evinced a desire to do a little shopping while passing through the town. He was led out of the Home and Colonial Stores by the man who had smoked upon the mill-stone some hours earlier. There was a mutual recognition. Lady Marjorie showed her gratitude in a friendly bow and drove away, but not before she had observed his companion, a pretty girl who had timidly clutched his arm after the ceremony of handing over the blue-roan was completed.

Now, I can't say how her Ladyship was frocked, or what sort of hat she wore; but I know her blue eyes and *mat* complexion were with her, and John—that was the man's name, John Anderson—was staring down the street after her, and trying to remember how that thing of Chaminade's went after the fifth bar, when he was brought to attention by Toto—so people called the girl at his side—

"That was Lady Marjorie Failand; you have never told me she was a friend of yours, John."

"I don't know her from Adam"—he hesitated, then lied bravely—"I have never even seen her before."

"In that case," said Toto, with a little sigh that savoured of relief, "in that case she bowed in a most unbecoming manner. I really thought she was going to speak to you."

"What nonsense! It was a most becoming bow." He laughed uneasily.

Somehow the interest departed from their morning's work after this. They were doing some odd shopping—buying a few forgotten things for his outfit. He was going away in a few days—to Sierra Leone. He had just been gazetted to that terrible West India Regiment. Toto was wild about it, but it was his last chance for the Service. He had failed for Sandhurst, and, as a Militia candidate, had been just as hopeless; but they had offered him this commission, for so many men had died out there lately, and their places had to be filled somehow. He had accepted eagerly, explaining to Toto that he was as strong as a war-horse, and that the fever had no terrors for him. Soon, with luck, he would be able to exchange, and then she might come to him, to India, or wherever the vagaries of the War Office took him—but not to the West Coast; that would never do. It was certainly a hard case, for they had been married scarcely a month, and each was still the other's idol. Of course, it was all their own fault: they should have remained in single-blessedness a little longer. I have no patience with people who marry from the school-room. He had, in a half-hearted manner, suggested that he should refuse the long-coveted commission, but Toto would not hear of this. She knew that the Service possessed all of his heart that was not her own; and so, with sigh and laugh commingling, they had been getting together his outfit. Toto was the only child of the only doctor in Portbury, and they were spending these last few days with her father.

After the incident of the tandem, John's usual self departed, and he became petulant, for he could not remember how that thing of Chaminade's went after the fifth bar.

When a big yellow moon was topping the cliff in the meadows that evening, Lady Marjorie looked out again from her window in Sir Hugo's Tower. The world seemed more at ease with itself now; the cattle were feeding contentedly among the buttercups, and the swans paddled quietly on the stream.

On the mill-stone sat a man smoking.

Lady Marjorie saw him and laughed softly. "He is very impertinent," she murmured; "but he shall suffer for it, and I will amuse myself for once in a way. Quite a pretty boy too!"

Now there is a little staircase, spiral and of worn stone, in Sir Hugo's Tower, and at the bottom is a door of iron, so that anyone occupying



ON HIS METAL.

"Oh, Fred! is that the outside edge?"

those rooms, and possessing certain keys, can come down to the grass patch by the river without going through the Castle.

I hope I have imaginative readers, because, for lack of space and descriptive talent, I shall leave untold the happenings of the next hour or so.

For a visitor, it was rather late when John returned to the Doctor's house. His host and wife were surprised at this, no doubt, but something in his behaviour grieved them more—he appeared to be drunk. His wild talk certainly warranted these suspicions, though in a few moments the Doctor perceived that alcohol had nothing to do with his condition. Soon he went to bed, and as he mounted the stairs they heard him softly singing—

“Souvent femme varie;
Bien fol qui s'y fie!”

He had forgotten Chaminade for this. He had not a notion as to its meaning, but Lady Marjorie had flung it mockingly after him as he had reeled away by the river a little while before, and his memory had retained it.

Of course, Toto cried, but her father soothed her. John was, no doubt, upset by the thought of his near departure. This idea flattered the girl, and she retired happy, while the doctor told himself that he would see the boy the first thing in the morning, and he had no fear but what he would find him in his usual good spirits.

However, one of the maids opened the house for John to go out long before the Doctor was up, and when lunch-time came round he had not returned, nor did he appear at dinner.

The Doctor was busy with his sick folk all that day, but found time to be a little uneasy with regard to his son-in-law. He put anxious inquiries to everyone he met. No one had seen him, however, and after dinner there was yet another patient to be visited several miles away.

Toto watched her father drive off with despair at her heart. She tried to read in the lonely drawing-room, but the solitude frightened her; she went into the garden, and the soft glory of the night intensified her gloom, instead of soothing. She could not stay there all inactive; she must be moving, somewhere, anywhere, until she found him. So she went out.

The High Street was almost deserted. She took her way, unconscious of direction, and struck into Tower Lane. She passed down the little winding street of gabled houses, and, before she was aware of it, she stood by the mill-stone beneath Sir Hugo's Tower.

The moon had not yet risen behind the cliff in the meadows, and dark shadows were massed around her. She sat down upon the stone and tried to think, but every little noise distracted her—the breathing of the cattle that she could not see, a moor-hen crying in the rushes, and then, quite suddenly, the clank of a bolt behind her and a soft voice singing mockingly—

“Souvent femme varie;
Bien fol qui s'y fie!”

Toto heard uneasily, and the same voice spoke to her: “So you have come again, my brave and bold, when but this morning I bade you cease your trespassing. Never mind; it is dull up there, and I will let you amuse me; but, mind, it is for the last time. Well! Why don't you speak? Why don't you doff your hat? It is all I can see of you.”

Toto had risen, and just then the full moon sailed majestically over the summit of the cliff. She saw and recognised Lady Marjorie, and a horrid chill swept over her.

Both women stood there until the silence grew oppressive. Then Marjorie Faland spoke—

“What are you doing here?”

“I am looking for someone I have lost.”

The simple eloquence of the reply unnerved the other, and she waited for the moment that presence of mind for which she was famous

“Do you mean Mr. Anderson?” she asked.

Toto started. “What do you know of Mr. Anderson?” she cried. “Unless—ah! I was right, then. I see it all now. You do know him; you came here to meet him to-night, and mistook me for him. You came here to mock him after winning him from me. He was mad last night, and sang the same horrid song that you were singing. But I shall never change. I love him still, and he will come to me to be forgiven. He was mad for the moment, but he is a man of honour, and will put you away from him as one puts away and forgets a dream. You are the woman of your song; you could not be faithful for a day to any man. I have heard much of you; all England knows of you—you with your angel face and cruel heart.”

Poor Toto stopped for sheer want of breath. She seemed to have added inches to her height during this magnificent tirade.

The other, meanwhile, had recovered her usual calm, and spoke before Toto could continue.

“So you have seen fit to insult me, and would have me brawl over the man you have set your cramped little heart upon! I was ready to confide in you and treat you generously—”

“Be quiet! Oh, go away!” cried Toto. “You have said and done enough. I want to be alone—to think.”

“You must put up with my company a little longer. I am going to teach you a lesson—an object-lesson—and the object shall be man. You may be thankful in after years for knowing what you will learn to-night. You have spoken of honour—of Mr. Anderson's honour. Listen! It is an honour that may be kissed dead by the fairest lips. I am not disparaging your truant lover, or husband, or whatever he may be; all men are the same; but, for your insolence to me, I shall take pleasure in proving it to you beyond doubt.

“He will come to-night,” she continued; “I know he will; and we will meet him here together. Sit down; you will not have long to wait.”

Poor little Toto. It was very cruel for her. Refuse, and she surrendered her faith in him. Stay, and what might not happen, her great faith notwithstanding.

But she did not go away, and surely the moon never shone on a less holy rendezvous.

Slowly the minutes went by, and Toto prayed silently. Only yesterday, John Anderson, on that very spot, had prayed that she might be ever near him, and now she asked God to keep him from her for just this one sad night. Did she, then, fear his coming? Yes, for she saw her rival standing there in the moonlight, and she could not help but fear. As Ixion suffered for the Queen of Heaven, so would many men be called upon to suffer for this woman before her beauty faded.

An hour must have passed, and the moon was right over the river when Toto spoke. “He will not come now,” she said, and there was a ring of triumph in her tired voice.

“I have told you that he will come; only be patient. A wife should always be patient. But you have not told me yet *what* you are to him.”

Toto bowed beneath the cruel speech, but she was no coward and would wait there all night if need were. It was nearly over, though. Something disturbed the rushes, and a moor-hen flew across the river with a shrill cry. John Anderson was coming. Then Toto saw him—

Lady Marjorie was right, for he had come; but the triumph was Toto's. There on the slow stream, beneath the pale moon, drifted the body of a man, and the upturned face was John Anderson's. The price he had paid was heavy, but his honour and hers were saved.

THE VIOLA AT HER MAJESTY'S.

A COURTEOUS note told me (writes a *Sketch* Correspondent) that Miss Lily Brayton—in private life, Mrs. Oscar Asche—was to be found in the southern wilds of Regent's Park, not a stone's-throw from Sir Christopher Wren's fine old church of St. Marylebone. There, in a pretty drawing-room, which was laden with the scent of violets and lilies and brightened by gay daffodils, sat our Viola, taking her ease after weeks of arduous rehearsals and an anxious first-night, simple and girlish, and grateful for all the kindly appreciation bestowed upon her.

“It is so good of you to come, and so soon, too! Why, I'm almost overwhelmed with the kindnesses I am receiving from the London public, and am so grateful to the critics! Do I read *The Sketch*? Does not everyone read the dramatic and artistic pulse of the week, and is it not an honour to be found of interest to your readers? You do not know how proud I was when my picture appeared in your paper some eighteen months ago, and then again last year.

“No; I'm like the Private Secretary: I don't like London”—this with a little, contemplative slanting of the head. “You see, we love the fresh air, and had a very delightful three years of touring with Mr. Benson, not rushing three-day or week stands, but spending sometimes four weeks in each town. It certainly is very interesting to see new places, and the idea of being in a long run and living in one place for months is quite new to me.”

This was said so naively that a question as to the certainty of a “long run” was a necessity.

“Surely,” answered Miss Brayton, “a play so splendidly rehearsed, mounted, and cast as ‘Twelfth Night’ should command a long run; and also it seems just the play for the moment—bright and cheery, after so much national sorrow and mourning—a piece containing some of the finest of Shakspeare's lines, with strong love-interests, and plenty of comedy and music.”

So we chatted on, though Miss Brayton could not be brought to talk about herself, being quite decided in her opinion that she was *not interesting, really*. Therefore, for the benefit of my readers, I turned to a pretty, fair sister, who has just “gone on the stage” and enlisted under Mr. Benson's banner at the Comedy Theatre.

From her I learnt that Miss Brayton was the third of the four daughters of the late Mr. J. W. Brayton, of Hindley, near Wigan, and that each girl had been encouraged to have a fad of her own as she grew up, and that hers had always been reciting. Some four years ago, they were in Scarborough at the same time as the Benson Company, and Miss Brayton decided to seek that manager's advice and see if she could teach elocution. Mr. Benson saw her twice, complimented her most highly, and strongly advised her to go on the stage, assuring her that she would “hear from him later.” However, then the stage was an unthought-of profession in her family, so the girls laughed at the idea and forgot all about it, until, about a couple of months later, there came a wire to “Brayton, Hindley.—Meet me Opera House, Southport, to-morrow.—Benson.”

Miss Brayton's mother received the message, and was much puzzled; but, after a laughing explanation, she agreed to allow her daughter to go to see Mr. Benson, and also, at his earnest request, permitted her to play a special week in Manchester with him; that week's engagement only terminating, regretfully to all, when she joined Mr. Tree's Company on November 1 last. Almost within a week of coming to town, Miss Brayton had won her spurs at Her Majesty's, for, without rehearsal and with only two days' study, she “obliged the management” by undertaking the arduous rôle of Mariamne in “Herod,” one for which she was physically too slight, but to which her beautiful voice, clear enunciation, and graceful carriage added much charm.

SCIENTIFIC MEN IN THEIR STUDY.

Sir Norman Lockyer, K.C.B., F.R.S., at the Royal College of Science—The Famous Astronomer Talks of Signalling to Mars, and some Novel Uses to which the Latest Applications of Astronomical Knowledge may be put.

IN the great red building in South Kensington dedicated to the study of science in general, and to that part of it sanctified to the uses of astronomical research and teaching in particular, Sir Norman Lockyer holds his sway. There, the Professor of Astronomical Physics, and the Director of the Solar Physics Observatory, one of the greatest astronomers in the world of our day, not only does his teaching, but, aided by his assistants, carries out his observations in a series of buildings which contrast vividly with those of other observatories by reason of their tumbledown appearance. Although they house some of the finest instruments in England, yet they are not even rain-proof, for between the match-boarding, of which they are, for the most part, composed, the most casual observer can see slits and holes where the joints ought to be. That is London's Observatory, which has won recognition for its work throughout the world, and it makes a poor show indeed when compared with the Observatory at Potsdam, on which, it is said, a quarter-of-a-million sterling has been spent.

In Sir Norman's presence, however, the man, with the sturdily built frame and the thoughtful face, dominates everything, and in his study at South Kensington a representative of *The Sketch* was fortunate enough to be received by him a few days ago. The accompanying portrait has a peculiar interest in that the globe shown in the picture was the one used for determining the position of the celestial bodies ten thousand years before the Christian era for Sir Norman's popular book, "The Dawn of Astronomy."

While the question of Mars and the possibility of communicating with its inhabitants is still the astronomical question of most public interest, it was natural for Sir Norman to discuss it, seeing that he was one of the first workers in England to devote himself to the study of the planet.

"I began work on Mars in 1862," he said, "so that I have long been interested in the planet, and I have quite come to the conclusion that it is very like the earth. I have seen clouds

traversing its surface, and I have thought it was possible to determine when its seas were smoother than usual by their dark appearance. This, one could see, was not due to the transit of clouds, but was to be attributed to the winds, and the heavier the winds the less dark the water-surface appeared. It must not be forgotten, however, when looking at Mars, that we are never nearer than some twenty million miles, while we are within a quarter of a million miles of the moon. Mr. Lassell told me that, when his big telescope was in most perfect order at Malta, he thought that, if the Lunarians were shaking a carpet as big as Lincoln's Inn Fields, he could find out if it were round or square, but he could not go farther than that. That is to say, with the power of a thousand, one brings two hundred and forty thousand miles down to two hundred and forty, so that, assuming one had a power of a thousand, one could see the moon as one could see York from London. When, however, one has to consider the 25,000,000 of miles separating us from Mars, it is a different story.

"With regard to the excitement connected with signalling to that planet, it has been said in the newspapers that I have stated my strong objections to Mr. Tesla's ideas. That is absolutely false; the interview which was reported never took place, nor have I expressed any opinion whatever regarding Mr. Tesla's ideas, which are extremely interesting, whether they can be carried out or not. I have spoken to Professor Perry on the subject, he being a past-master on such subjects, and in his opinion, which is worth infinitely more than mine, Mr. Tesla's views are perfectly scientific. But, leaving Mars aside, might it not be possible to make experiments somewhere on the earth's surface, from point to point, to see whether the possibility he suggests holds good for a very much shorter distance?

"Of course, the recent excitement about the possibility of communicating with Mars has arisen from the magnificent work of Schiaparelli, aided by a mistaken translation of his result. Schiaparelli saw what he

thought were water-channels cutting the planet in all directions. Now, in Italian the word for water-channels even as wide as the Straits of Dover is 'canali.' This was translated by the English word 'canals,' and everybody rushed to the conclusion that there were navvies at work in Mars, with probably a Sir John Aird to organise them. Mr. Percival Lowell has done a magnificent thing, from an astronomical point of view, in that he has put up a big observatory near the Equator, in order to secure the best possible observations of the planet, and he has arrived at the conclusion that these canals of Schiaparelli may really be irrigation channels.

"He has a perfect right to his opinion, but the habitability of a planet is one thing, and the probability of its having human beings like ourselves on it is another. It is impossible to think what the people there are like, for that would depend on the mode of their evolution and what kind of a survival of the fittest was most important. We know that the mass of the planet is less than our own, and the general public will have gathered some of the consequences of this from Mr. Wells's brilliant stories about the moon, which have appeared in the popular magazines. It is asserted that the atmosphere of Mars is a little thinner than our own, and some people go so far as to say that the air is unlike ours; that is, that it is not a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen. These and other things would all tend to an evolution which could not have reproduced our own under different conditions. I can say, however, for my own part, that I do not attach much weight to the arguments in favour of the constituents of the Marsian atmosphere which have been suggested.

"I should like, in passing, to express my great admiration for Mr. Tesla and the work he has done; some of it has been a remarkable contribution to the science of our generation.

"Of course, astronomy interests the public at large only when some exciting topic like this arouses the general attention. That is because the labours of astronomers, ever since the early days of the Egyptians, can be got for a penny, in the shape of an almanack. We no longer have each of us to determine the time of the day, the beginning of the seasons, or the commencement of our years. All that work is done for us nowadays, and people regard it as nothing, and that is one reason why the subject is taught so little in England. It does not pay.

"In America, on the other hand, astron-

omy is taught with other subjects which claim the highest human interest. It is quite possible that the work with the sun which has been going on for some years may bring in a new application of astronomy, like the true measure of the year and its division into parts for practical purposes, which enable farmers all over the world to know when to plough and to sow and reap and mow, which originally each man had to find out for himself.

"Astronomy was really the first 'priestcraft,' for the priests got a knowledge of the critical periods of the year from their observations of the stars and the sun.

"It looks very much as if there is a closer connection between the various activities which we can now observe every day on the face of the sun and the meteorological conditions of our planet. Of course, those parts of the planet where the meteorological conditions are most important are those where droughts and floods occur from time to time and destroy the fruits of men's labour and even human life itself. My son, Dr. W. J. S. Lockyer, and myself have lately begun research on this point with regard to India and the surrounding water-surface, where the problem is simplest, and where, therefore, it is most easy to insert the thin end of the wedge of inquiry. The results already obtained are most encouraging, but, of course, there is an immense amount of work to be done, and one cannot hope to step at once from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. What we have found, so far, is that the strongest meteorological events take place in relation to the sun's condition of temperature. In India these effects have been well marked for the last thirty years, and, no doubt, the Indian authorities will take up the matter and carry it several stages farther. The Nile and Mississippi records indicate that the same rain-pulses are felt there as in India, and, if the inquiry goes on satisfactorily, there will be, as I have said before, another practical application of astronomy superadded to those on which agriculture and navigation depend."



SIR NORMAN LOCKYER, K.C.B., F.R.S.

MISS WERNER.

THE ONLY WOMAN PROFESSOR AT KING'S COLLEGE.

Miss Werner gives some Interesting Facts on South African Languages in General, and some Experiences while she Lived among the Natives far from the Regular Haunts of White Men.

A WOMAN PROFESSOR of savage languages at one of the greatest of our teaching institutions suggests a curious incongruity. Incongruous or not, however, there is the fact, as Miss A. Werner's presence in her class-room at King's College, where she received a representative of *The Sketch* a few days ago, sufficiently attests. Her interest in South Africa is natural enough when it is remembered that her brother, the author of



MISS A. WERNER, PROFESSOR OF THE ZULU LANGUAGE AT KING'S COLLEGE.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W.

"RIVER LIFE ON THE CONGO,"

was in the service of the Congo State, was at Yambuya at the time of the departure of the rear-guard of the Stanley Expedition, and wrote several letters which appeared in the public Press when certain details of that expedition were exciting world-wide attention.

That was, indeed, the primary reason why Miss Werner looked to Africa, and, reading Dr. Cust's book on the modern languages of Africa, she discovered that the Bantu languages were very interesting and practically an unworked field. After leaving Newnham, whither she had gone with a Scholarship won at the Cambridge Senior Local Examination, the idea of taking up the definite study of these languages was naturally attractive to the student mind, and she began on the Congo and Swahili languages from books. But, as she says, "while getting an insight into their structure, I did not attain any practical results. In 1893," Miss Werner went on, "I went out to Central Africa in connection with the Scottish Mission, and for some time was at Blantyre, and for some time more at an out-station in the Angoni country, where another woman and I were the only Europeans among the natives for some miles. The process of learning the South African languages is amusing when you can get enough sentences to talk to anyone you meet, as it is less embarrassing than in Europe, for the natives are always ready to enter into the spirit of the game.

"For anyone contemplating going to South Africa when the present troubles are over,

A KNOWLEDGE OF AT LEAST ONE OF THE NATIVE LANGUAGES IS NECESSARY.

Happily, if one is known, it is comparatively easy to learn the others. The chief tongues are the Zulu, the Manganja, the Swahili, and the Yao. Zulu is spoken in Zululand, Natal, and Rhodesia, and is useful in Cape Colony, for many Zulus go there as house-servants, and, moreover, with it one can readily pick up a knowledge of the Kaffir or Xosa language, for the Cape Kaffirs call themselves Amaxosa, the 'x' being pronounced with a curious click against the side-teeth. Manganja is spoken in the British Central African Protectorate, Swahili in Zanzibar and British East Africa, and Yao in the Eastern part of British Central Africa.

"In Zulu, too, there are three clicks—made by the tongue against the front-teeth, the side-teeth, and the roof of the mouth. These clicks make all the difference in the world in the words. The word 'Amaqanda,' for instance, with the click of the tongue against the palate, means 'eggs,' while 'Amakanda,' with the click of the front teeth, means 'human heads,' so that, if one wanted eggs for breakfast, and asked for 'Amakanda,' one would be likely to produce no little consternation, and perhaps bring about results which would be the reverse of pleasant.

"Learning the languages on the spot, one had naturally to resort to all sorts of expedients, and I remember on one occasion an old Angoni woman coming to me and offering to give me lessons. She evidently had been used to interpreting, and the system she had evolved was in accordance with the most approved theories of the Gouin School. She touched her eyes, nose, mouth, and so on, and told me the names for them, and, when she had exhausted all the possibilities of this method of imparting her native Zulu, she gave me the Manganja word and then its equivalent in her own tongue."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE late Professor Max Müller's Autobiography, on which he was at work until within a few days of his death, is to be published within a few months. The following is an interesting extract from the introduction—

People wished to know how a boy, born and educated in a small and almost unknown town in the centre of Germany, should have come to England, should have been chosen there to edit the oldest book of the world, "The Veda of Brahmas," never published before, whether in India or in Europe, should have passed the best part of his life as a Professor in the most famous and, as it was thought, the most exclusive University in England, and should actually have ended his days as a member of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council. I confess myself it seems a very strange career, yet everything came about most naturally, not by my own effort, but owing again to those circumstances or to that environment of which we have heard so much of late.

Ouida's new book is to be another collection of short stories, entitled "Street Dust."

Mr. H. B. Baildon, whose study of Robert Louis Stevenson is to be published immediately by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, is at present Lecturer on English Literature at the University of Vienna. Mr. Baildon was an old school-mate of Stevenson's in their Edinburgh days, and it will be remembered that a volume of his poems received cordial praise in one of "R. L. S.'s" letters.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason is, I understand, at work on Stephen Crane's unfinished book, "The O'Ruddy," which he has arranged to complete and prepare for publication.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser has completed a new novel, entitled "A Little Grey Sheep."

Professor Gilbert Murray is at work on a new translation of Euripides for Professor Warr's important series of verse translations of the Greek Dramatic Poets, which Mr. George Allen is arranging to publish.

A translation of the remarkable and interesting Biography of Pasteur, which has recently been published in Paris, will appear very shortly in this country.

Mr. Richard Marsh has been writing to the papers protesting against the republication of one of his older stories as a new book, and has stated that, since 1896, he has not written, on an average, one novel a year. Under these circumstances, one naturally hesitates to criticise his latest production, "The Chase of the Ruby," as it may not be Mr. Marsh's fault that it shows such evident signs of immaturity. Mr. Marsh can tell a good story brightly and well when he takes pains, but "The Chase of the Ruby" is woefully thin and obvious, and not always in the best possible taste. If Mr. Marsh would take more trouble with his books, he would certainly be one of the most successful writers of sensational fiction of the day, for he seems to be able to produce enough mysteries to stock a Chamber of Horrors.

The *Ladies' Review of Reviews* is the title of a new magazine which is promised for next month. The price is to be threepence, and the scheme similar to that of the *Review of Reviews*, except that the contents will be made up principally of extracts from ladies' papers and periodicals.

An attempt is being made in America to enforce the use of a larger type in books and newspapers, and a Bill to that effect is being brought into the Legislature, and is creating some discussion in the American newspapers. It is said that weakness of eyesight has been noticeably increasing in America of late, and specialists put the blame on the small print of the newspapers. But surely the same might be said of almost every other country.

At the present depressed time, publishers and booksellers may find some consolation in the fact that the French publishers found their "Golden Age" after the War of 1870, when the country was staggering under its burden of War-debt. The theatres, of course, suffered greatly, but there is no doubt that the bookseller enormously increased his market, for, instead of indulging in his usual pleasures, the Frenchman stopped at home and read. It is possible that the present season of mourning may have some similar effect upon the bookselling business, but it is certain that up to the present there are no signs of any particular liveliness in the book world.

Mr. Bacheller, whose novel, "Eben Holden," is beating every record in the United States, has finished a new book, "D'Ry and I," which is to appear first serially in the *Century Magazine*, and is sure to be read with the liveliest interest. The scene is laid in the United States at the beginning of the nineteenth century, at the time when the French refugees were living in true baronial style on the large tracts of land they had purchased to the north of New York. I do not hear that "Eben Holden" has caught on to any extent in this country, notwithstanding the fact that it is being issued by more than one publisher, the book not having been copyrighted at the time of publication.

Mrs. Dudency, whose reputation has been steadily increasing in this country and on the other side of the Atlantic, is to publish this spring a new novel, entitled "The Third Floor."

Miss Marie Corelli will publish through Messrs. Methuen very shortly a collection of stories of child-life, which she calls "The Book of Little Children."

O. O.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL NOTES.

THE critics have had a very busy but not very profitable week. There have been seven invitations to the play-tasters, though the only complete novelty was Mr. Hannan's adaptation of Marion Crawford's novel,

"A CIGARETTE-MAKER'S ROMANCE."

now running at the Court Theatre. Certainly, Mr. Hannan has fitted Mr. Martin Harvey with a part in which he gives an exceedingly pathetic performance as the poor Count who has lost his memory and therefore knowledge of his identity. The popular young actor-manager was at quite his best, and moved many to tears. Yet, one may not say that the play is of very great value, since in it there are artless repetitions of effects which in the end become a little trying. No doubt, ere this, much has been done to avoid this fault. In the cast are several clever people, notably Mr. Sydney Valentine, excellent as a grumpy, gold-bearded—should one say, gold-tipped?—cigarette-maker. Miss de Silva, as Viera, the heroine, has a pathetic, humble part after her own heart, and Miss de Solla made a "hit" by her vigorous presentation of a German-Jewish virago.

The "Sunday Special" matinée of Mr. Green's translation of

"LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'ENNUIE"

showed what several critics thought after the production at a Gaiety matinée of the version, called "Culture," of Pailleron's brilliant comedy, and that is that the play, well cast, would enjoy success in London. It may be very French in detail—not very French in the unkind sense of the word—but the characters are so finely drawn, the wit is so vivid, and the note of real nature so strong, that no audience could resist the piece.

"THE NOBLE LORD,"

still running gaily, added to the collector's list of souvenirs a pretty affair in the shape of an excellent photograph of all the members of an excellent cast, embellished by autographs of the players—what a chance for those who guess character from handwriting! Mr. Bourchier requests me to state that, pending the completion of Mr. R. C. Carton's new comedy, Mr. Sydney Grundy's "Mamma," adapted from "Les Surprises du Divorce," will be revived in succession to "The Noble Lord."

Many will wonder, and wisely, why the title of "Masks and Faces" has been changed to

"PEG WOFFINGTON."

A greater dramatist than Tom Taylor or Charles Reade, or the unnamed writer who has made some changes in the old play, asked "What's in a name?" and we may well echo the question. Why sacrifice the advertisement of the excellent title of the popular old, or rather, middle-aged, play? For middle-age in a play is more deadly than old-age, and, though many scenes went capitally, in some the theatricality of the drama was strongly felt. Interesting reading in the Entr'actes is Mr. Austin Brereton's erudite and compact Life of Peg Woffington, circulated in the theatre with the play-bill.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST,

who gave us the Peg as a companion-picture to her Nell, shows progress, and one wonders what she may not reach in art since she has taken to the legitimate. Rarely does an artist so quickly cast off the manner of comic opera for the style of real comedy. "Sound" and "clever" are the least favourable adjectives that can be ascribed to her performance as the amiable and apparently virtuous Queen of Comedy. A very charming performance was that of Miss Suzanne Sheldon, who appeared as the easily forgiving wife of the young man who played havoc with poor Peggy's heart. Almost all played well, and one must mention with particularity Mr. Edward O'Neill, who gave a very clever study of old Colley Cibber; Mr. Ben Webster, an excellent Sir Charles Pomander; Mrs. Charles Maltby, a capital Mrs. Triplet; and Miss Phyllis Beadon, a charming Lysimachus. Mr. Charles Cooper hardly repeated his Charles II. success in his Triplet, yet acted in admirable style and with no small measure of success: one is inclined to think that his physique was against his giving a good idea of the starving poetaster. By-the-by, if the dresses are too correct to be very pretty, the music by Mr. Landon Ronald was of such quality as to lend much charm to the entertainment.

The excellent performance by Mr. Benson and his valuable company, strengthened by the addition of Miss Geneviève Ward for the part of Volumnia, did not quite succeed in convincing everybody that

"CORIOLANUS"

is really a play for such degenerate playgoers as those of the twentieth century. The curious, the critical, and the Shakspeare enthusiast were deeply interested and glad not only to see the rarely acted play, but also to have the Benson production as some basis for comparison with the coming revival by Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum. It may be that the genius of Sir Henry will enable him to cause the play to hold the casual public; but the work of Mr. Benson and his company was so good, and yet the effect produced so little in proportion to their labour, that a real success at the Lyceum will be a splendid achievement. In the meantime, all praise and thanks to Mr. Benson for his admirable and conscientious production of the play so fearfully mutilated by its producers on many former occasions.

IN REVIVING "PERIL,"

officially described as the celebrated comedy—"adapted from 'Nos Intimes,' by Victorien Sardou, by Clement Scott and B. C. Stephenson,"

at the Garrick Theatre, Mr. Bourchier may well have felt confident of success, since the play is so well-built an affair, with such firmly drawn characters, that, if not exactly in accordance with ultra-modern ideas of stagecraft, it is at least a thoroughly effective comedy. It seems so short a time since Mr. Beerbohm Tree's production of the play at the Haymarket that one does not venture to talk about the piece, and yet it would be graceless to try to establish a comparison between the two productions. Certainly, the present performance is good enough for all reasonable and unreasonable people. Who would ask for cleverer acting than that of Miss Violet Vanbrugh in the part of Lady Ormond, or of Mr. Brandon Thomas, even if suffering a little from first-night nervousness, as Sir George Ormond? Miss Lily Grundy, rich in grace and youth, of course was charming as Lucy, and the work of Miss Marguerite Aubert as Sophie was of value. Mr. Herz, who made a "hit" in "Shock-headed Peter," shows by his work as Percy that the "hit" was no fluke; Mr. Graham Browne still makes steady progress, though already a valuable actor; and merely to name Mr. Eric Lewis as Crossley Beck, Mr. Leonard Boyne as Dr. Thornton, and Mr. Fred Kerr as Sir Woodbine Grafton, is to give guarantee of excellent performances.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S GENEROSITY.

Our new Queen has sent £20 to Madame Susanna Cole, who was a popular operatic and concert-room vocalist in the early days of Queen Victoria's reign. She has had much difficulty and distress to battle with latterly, and, in the kindest way, Queen Alexandra expresses her sympathy. Messrs. Chappell and Co., of New Bond Street, are getting up a subscription for the distressed vocalist, and the Queen's generous aid will, no doubt, stimulate many charitable lovers of music to follow her example.

"FLORODORA" REDIVIVA.

A most enthusiastic welcome was accorded to Mr. Willie Edouin, on his return from America, at the Lyric Theatre last week, when the warmth of his greeting seemed to infuse decidedly fresh life into the company, the principals of which appeared in new dresses distinguished by their great tastefulness. Especially charming are the new mauve-and-black gowns of the "six pretty maidens," while Miss Rankin, Miss Girling, and Miss Decima Moore wore dresses of delicate hues and of very rich material. Mr. Edouin introduced several bits of new business. An intensely comic scene illustrative of the effects of a too-long-protracted visit to the "liquid tent" (to use one of Mr. Charles Stevens's many quaint terms) was perhaps the most screamingly funny of Edouin's extensive repertory of comic business throughout the piece. Amongst the new numbers introduced into "Florodora," a trio written by Mr. John Houghton, entitled "Possible, Possible, P'raps," in which Mr. Edouin, Mr. Louis Bradfield, and Miss St. John take part, has unquestionably won premier honours. Then, Miss Nancy Girling rendered a new song by the same writer, entitled "I Don't Know Any Better," with great success, as did also Miss Rankin a song called "It's Me." "Florodora" is now at the height of its blossoming beauty. By the way, prior to Mr. Willie Edouin's departure from New York,



MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS "LADY URSULA," REVIVED ON MONDAY LAST AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

where he has been appearing in "Florodora," he was presented by the company with a handsome loving-cup, inscribed "To Willie Edouin, the Dear Old Boy. God Bless Him!"

"SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY."

Neither the general mourning nor the transference of "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" from the Haymarket to the Globe Theatre seems to have affected the fortunes of that brilliant historic play which is doing such big business, while the advance booking is so strong that there is not the slightest likelihood of any successor being required during Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry's occupancy of the Globe Theatre.

A CLEVER LITTLE ACTRESS.

The part of Roxalane Triplet, in "Peg Woffington," at the Prince of Wales's, falls to the lot of an intelligent girl who has a rare stage-experience for one so young. The little lady portrayed is but nine years of age, but she has already had the advantage of appearing with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's company, playing Daisy in "The White Lie." Dorothy Richardson is a niece of Miss Nellie Campbell, of the Kendals' company. She has also played with success in "The Bell-Ringer" and in "The Sorrows of Satan." It is but fair to add that remarkable aptitude is also shown at the Prince of Wales's by another talented girl-actress, Miss Phyllis Beadon, who acquits herself well as Lysimachus Triplet.

MISS ELLA SNYDER'S PORTRAIT

in last week's *Sketch* was from a vivid photograph by Messrs. Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, and not from one by Messrs. Downey, as was inadvertently printed, I regret to say.

THE "MUSKETEER CONCERT-PARTY."

Many classes of entertainment have been tried at St. George's Hall, some with success and others without. But there is every reason why Messrs. Bertram Wallis and Herbert Clayton's "Musketeer Concert-Party" should hold the boards of the little matinée theatre for some months to come. The artists, mysteriously masked, are all well-known London favourites; their programme is crammed with good "turns," and the show has already found much favour with afternoon audiences who are fond of good music and refined humour.

"CHARLEY'S AUNT," IN PRETORIA.

Congratulations to the British officers and nurses who, by the performances of "Charley's Aunt," at the Empire Theatre, Pretoria, on Jan 5 and 7, netted £300 for the hospital of that city. Mr. C. Dundas Slater courteously sends me this information.

THE REVIVAL OF "LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT,"

at the Coronet Theatre, will recall to old playgoers the enthusiasm with which the comic opera was received thirty years ago. It was played in French, with a delightful tenor, M. Mario Widmer, and a charming soprano, Mdle. Luigini, as the heroine. Then came English versions at four London theatres, and several in the provinces. The two earliest London performances were at the Philharmonic—now the Grand Theatre, Islington—and the Gaiety. The pretty songs of "Madame Angot" were heard everywhere. It has been revived at Drury Lane and the Criterion Theatres.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

of Mr. Robert Newman at Queen's Hall commenced on the 9th inst. with a splendid programme, including the fine Symphony in C Minor of the great Russian composer, Tchaikowsky, which was played to perfection by the orchestra under that prince of conductors, Mr. Henry J. Wood, who has great sympathy with Russian music, his taste in that direction having probably increased since his marriage to a charming and gifted Russian lady of title. A great attraction of the concert was the exquisite violin-playing of Lady Hallé, who, having been a popular lady violinist since she first appeared in public at six years of age, still plays better than any performer of her sex. The Concerto in D of Brahms was written twenty-one years ago for Dr. Joachim, and it is, therefore, extremely difficult. But Lady Hallé conquered all the difficulties with delightful ease, and certainly her pure tone and perfect execution quite enchanted the vast audience.

Conveniently situated in the centre of theatre-land, the Florence Restaurant, in Rupert Street, is deservedly in favour

with playgoers. Signor Azario is entitled to credit for the remarkably handsome additions he has made to his popular restaurant, the new annexe of which has been rendered additionally attractive by the opening of the magnificent Quirinal Dining-Rooms, full of sumptuous beauty.



MISS DOROTHY RICHARDSON,
WHO PLAYS ROXALANE TRIPLET IN "PEG WOFFINGTON," AT
THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Photo by Ramsden, Leicester.



THE "MUSKETEER CONCERT-PARTY," AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

These are all well-known London artists. Puzzle: Can you name them?

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The Study of Maps—Repairing Materials—Bicycles by the Kerbstone—Riding in Trousers—Automobilists and the "C.T.C."—A Cycle Census—The New Dodge—The Care of Tyres.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Feb. 21, 6.21; Thursday, 6.23; Friday, 6.25; Saturday, 6.27; Sunday, 6.28; Monday, 6.30; Tuesday, 6.32.

Has it ever struck you how seldom the average cyclist ever studies a map? He, and especially she, is usually content to keep to the main-roads in a particular neighbourhood, and, even on long rides afield, persists in going over well-beaten tracks. The study of a map, however, would often reveal three or four interesting ways to reach the same destination, and yet these are hardly ever traversed, because the cyclist is not quite sure where they lead to, and is a little doubtful as to the excellence of the road-surface. The other afternoon, I took a jaunt down into Surrey by one of the main highways. The going was excellent, and there were plenty of other wheelmen out enjoying a spin. Turning home, I decided to keep as much as possible to by-lanes. I don't pretend to say they were quite so good as the main-roads, but, still, they afforded excellent going, and took one through what was practically new country. However, during the whole of the journey, until I reached near home, I never met another wheelman.

This is not the time of year, I admit, to make voyages of discovery; but what I have said about main-roads applies also to the summer months, and I think riders would be well-advised if they neglected the main ways now and then and branched off into the lanes, which, I can assure them, are, in sultry weather, exceedingly agreeable. A cyclist who has travelled two or three times over a certain highway drops into a habit of always riding that way, and would possibly consider it beneath his dignity to carry a map to see if there is another way. Consulting one, however, would possibly reveal routes of which he is ignorant. I advise everybody to get a map of their district. Let them study it, and in the fine days set out to explore routes that were previously unknown to them.

It is strange more of the inns and refreshment-houses frequented by cyclists do not keep chests of repair-material for the convenience of

cyclists who may have a slight breakdown. Of course, it is well to carry one's own tool-shop, and then you are dependent on no one. Still, the occasion does sometimes occur when one has no repairing rubber to mend a leak; when, perhaps, you are in need of a bit of valve-tube, or you find your solution has all dried up, and you need some that is fresh to effect a repair. There is a brotherhood among cyclists, so that, when one meets with a mishap, a passing wheelman is generally ready to offer any assistance in his power. Apart from this, however, there are occasions when repairing materials at an inn, for which one would be willing to pay, would be valuable.

I had a little experience of this the other day. I went out for a good hard spin on my lightest of road-racers. The machine was stripped of everything, even of tool-bag. Away in the country I became conscious of the fact that my back-wheel was not running true, owing to the loosening of a nut. All I needed was a spanner. Being near a village, I went into the inn to try to borrow one. They hadn't such a thing. I visited one or two shops to get it, but without success. Then I had to walk nearly two miles until I came to another place, where I was more fortunate. Of course, I should have carried a spanner with me. That I admit. Still, I might have been fully equipped and yet in need of some repairing instrument, and, under those circumstances, I would have been equally unfortunate. It was the absence of such a simple thing as a spanner that set me thinking that those innkeepers who read this page might do well in setting up a box filled with various repairing materials for the use of their customers.

It is not a wise thing to leave one's bicycle perched against a kerbstone with only the pedal as rest. If a gust of wind does not blow it

over, some inquisitive youngster may start inspecting the wheel and upset it. Besides, there is great provocation to the cycle-thief to quietly mount it and ride away. For some time, however, there has been uncertainty as to whether, when a cyclist leaves his bicycle in such a position and a passing conveyance knocks it over and damages it, the owner of the wheel can recover damages. It has now been decided by a Court that he can, provided the bicycle is not in a crowded thoroughfare and by its position causing an obstruction. Still, as I said, the placing of a bicycle by the kerb is not a good practice. It would be much better if shopkeepers provided bicycle-stands and if folk had stands in their gardens, so that the wheel would be out of danger and run no chance of being smashed by a passing milk-cart.

The ordinary Census is to be taken very soon. It would be extremely interesting if an additional line were added for a "yes" or "no" being appended for the answer to "Do you ride a bicycle?" How many cyclists there are in Great Britain nobody can do more than hazard a guess. The Census of cyclists and automobilists has just been taken in France, and shows there are about three-quarters of a million who cycle and over five thousand who own motor-carriages. Of course, both sorts of vehicles are taxed, but taxation in France has certainly done nothing to check the pastime. Last year the French Minister of Finance benefited to the extent of four and a-half million francs by the tax.

Knickerbockers are the proper thing to ride in. However, many men ride in trousers on their way to business. The usual trouser-clip is not always satisfactory, for, while it holds the bottom of the garment

tight, the rest of the leg bags out in an ungraceful fashion. Some time ago, I mentioned the advantage of having little hooks sewn inside the trouser, and then for a shoe-lace to be passed through one hook under the boot to the other hook and tied around the ankle. This is much better than a clip, because it prevents the trouser bulging about the knee. A cyclist, however, has been pointing out a very simple device for those who have neither hooks nor clips. Fold the trouser-leg as you would when about to use the clip, and then turn it up with two turns. This is simple and it is effective.

There is some discussion among members of the Cyclists' Touring Club as to whether automobilists should be allowed to join the Club. Users of motor-cars can hardly be called cyclists

in the ordinary acceptance of the word, and, if they were allowed to join, the name of the Club would thereby have to be altered. Personally, I don't see why automobilists should not be allowed to join. If only people who ride foot-driven machines can belong to the "C. T. C.," many of us will be obliged to retire from membership when the motor-bicycle becomes an actual fact, and not merely an experiment, as it is at present. If motor-bicycle riders are allowed to remain, it will require a good deal of ingenuity to draw a distinction between them and the motor-car owners. On the other hand, the automobilists have a vigorous Club of their own, and it is a little doubtful whether they would be disposed to belong to both associations or to consent to amalgamation.

A considerable amount of ingenuity seems to be exercised by some folk in trying to get damages out of cyclists. The latest trick is for owners of old and useless horses to get them in the way of a coming motor-car and to have them killed, and then claim compensation as if they were most valuable animals. The idea, it appears, comes from America.

If you are a winter rider and not averse to now and then ploughing your way through slush, it would be well some day, when you have nothing better to do, to take off the outer cases of your tyres and thoroughly examine and patch them. The habit is, when one receives a puncture, to mend only the inner tube. Of course, the outer case has been perforated, and through this water can penetrate and do injury to the rubber. It also does injury to the canvas lining, rotting it and even causing a tear. Go very carefully over your case, and patch every little rent you discover. If you find a piece of the canvas already rotting, leave it in a warm atmosphere, so that the tear may get thoroughly dried, and then repair it with a piece of canvas. If you look well after your outer case, you will find your tyre last twice as long.

J. F. F.



THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER IN HIS DOG-CART BEFORE THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF EATON HALL: LADY LETTICE GROSVENOR IN THE PORCH.

Photo by Watmough Webster, Chester.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The King's Horses.

An announcement has been made that His Majesty's racehorses have been leased to the Duke of Devonshire, whose colours they will carry this year. I do not know who will really manage the stud. Lord Marcus Beresford has done so up to now, but perhaps Lord Charles Montagu, who is a son of the Duchess of

Devonshire, will now do so, as he manages the Duke of Devonshire's horses in training. Lord Charles is a stockbroker and is supposed to be a 'cute business-man. I knew his brother, the late Duke of Manchester, very well indeed. As boys, we hunted, shot, and played cricket together, and he was certainly one of the nicest boys of my acquaintance. I never met him after he became a Duke. I suppose Lord Marcus Beresford will manage the stud owned by Mr. King and Mr. C. Whitney, and, of course, it is just possible that he may supervise the placing of the King's horses for the Duke of Devonshire.

If my information is correct, it does not much matter whether Volodyovski be started or not for the Derby, as the colt has not wintered well, and the Newmarket men of observation



MR. R. MARSH, THE KING'S TRAINER, OF EGERTON HOUSE, NEWMARKET.

declare that Star Shoot is much the better of the pair. This colt is due to run in the Two Thousand Guineas, and speculators are not likely to back him for the Blue Ribbon of the Turf until after the result of the Guineas is known. Revenue is doing good work for the Derby, and Floriform is said to have wintered well. Lord Bobs does not please the critics, but my fancy, Lord Quex, has grown into a very nice colt, and, if reserved for Epsom, he should start as nearly as possible first favourite. It is hoped that M. Cannon will be given the mount, although I believe H. Jones will get more riding for Marsh's stable than he did last year, when H.R.H. the Prince of Wales rewarded him handsomely for his several victories on Diamond Jubilee. I should be delighted to see the brothers R. and H. Jones come to the front, as I knew their late father well. The boys have been well brought up, and they are honest and painstaking. They should both receive plenty of encouragement.

Royalty and Racing.

I hope the report that a Spring Meeting is to be established at Ascot will prove to be true, as there is no prettier course in the country, and the prize-money given at the Royal meeting is always worth winning. The State Processions to the Ascot Meeting in 1902 will be very imposing affairs, as I presume the King and Queen will drive to the meeting from Windsor Castle. I expect their Majesties will next year attend the Goodwood Meeting from Osborne, and I hope they will remain on the Island for the Cowes fortnight. Her Majesty the Queen is very popular among the South Coast people, and her appearance at the Goodwood Meeting has always ensured a huge attendance. I expect their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York will continue to honour the Duke of Richmond with their company at Goodwood House, for, after all, the house-party is a feature of the meeting. The Duke of Richmond is, by-the-bye, beginning to look very old; but he continues to take the liveliest interest in his lovely estate, and he is able to get out and about once more.

Penalties for Amateurs.

I was talking with a professional cross-country jockey the other day, and he told me that his profession was really not worth following now, as he remarked: "The amateurs ride all the good horses, and we are put on the hard-pullers and the crocks that could not jump over a straw, to say nothing of a steeplechase country." He thinks the horses ridden by

amateurs should be made to carry 7 lb. extra, and the owners who put amateur riders on £50 to nothing should be warned off. I know the position of the professional cross-country jockey to be very bad, especially should he have no retainer, and I think Clerks of Courses might confine so many events per day to professional riders, while I, for one, should like to see National Hunt flat-races got rid of. However, I am afraid the public would not like extras put up for amateur riders. If a rule to this effect were passed, owners would employ amateurs to run byes, and then, when the weights were got off, they would put up good professional jockeys. I would, though, compel amateurs to be amateurs in practice and not in name only.

Railway Arrangements.

It is to be noted with pleasure that the Southern Railways are about to make special arrangements for the conveying of racehorses and racegoers more speedily over their lines. One or two of the Traffic Managers have been opposed to the Sport of Kings for years, and, as a consequence, the sporting public have suffered when compelled to travel on the lines under their control. But decreased dividends have seemingly come to the aid of the racegoer, for Traffic Managers are now vying one with the other to make the most complete arrangements for the comfort of racegoers and the quick transit of racehorses. Two or three of the suburban racecourses are perfect gold-mines to the railway companies feeding them.

Press-Passes.

Sporting reporters do not go to race-meetings for the fun of the thing, as a rule. They generally find their way on to the course because they have been sent to collect a few items for the edification of the stay-at-home public. But the reporter attached to a representative paper expects to have the ordinary courtesies accorded to him by Clerks of Courses, some of whom, by-the-bye, have yet to be taught that the pen is mightier than even the turnstile. As I have stated many times before, the Stewards of the Jockey Club should take this question of Press-passes up, and they should advise Clerks of Courses all over the country to admit all reporters holding the Newmarket ticket. This would be a boon to Press-men, who, under existing rules, have to travel the country overlaid with bundles of Press-tickets, which are liable to be mislaid or lost altogether.

Steeplechasing.

It is rumoured an attempt is to be made to elevate steeplechasing and horse-racing. This, it is argued, can be done by passing a law under which no race shall be of less value than £100. Such a law would wipe out many of the little Hunt meetings entirely, and it is the local shows that provide the best sport, so far as quantity is concerned. I think the National Hunt Committee would do better if they devoted more attention to the extraordinary running that takes place almost daily under their rules. We often see outsiders that have previously been down the course pop up, only to be told a day or two later that they were the mediums of big starting-price jobs. It is becoming more and more evident that, in a great majority of the races, the non-triers are in a big majority, and often the result of the race points to the conclusion that many of the owners with horses engaged are going for one only.

CAPTAIN COE.



EGERTON HOUSE STABLES, TRAINING QUARTERS OF THE KING'S RACEHORSES.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

ROYALTY, FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

IF ever our reflections needed a sequel "to point a moral and adorn a tale," modern history has promptly brought it forth in the death of ex-King Milan following so nearly on that of our own venerable and well-beloved Ruler, whose life will for all time point a moral as Milan's can never on any pretext—even that of "More Arabian Nights"—adorn any readable tale. It is not that Victoria reigned over a great and ever-growing Empire, on one hand, nor that the swineherd's grandson wielded his brand-new sceptre over a comparatively microscopical territory, on the other: it is the difference in their respective characters, modes of life, and examples which offers such a widely contrasting object-lesson to the generation both have left behind. The tragedy of Queen Natalie's life can never dare be written, and it is as well. Better, perhaps, that the sugared coating of diplomatic adjectives should be smeared over the fissures and crevices of these Alpine souls who are reared high over the rest by social conditions, but into whose heart-wounds the gaping multitude must not dip their fingers. I was at Biarritz when the ex-Queen's devotedly beloved son first ranged himself beside her former comely waiting-woman, and for reasons pressed the point of immediate marriage. I think poor Natalie had lost the power of suffering keenly by then. I hoped she had. But her face belied it.

Take the convex of this concave in our own lost Sovereign, whose lines cannot be said to have lain in pleasant places, since all that made life dear was long ago taken from her. Unlike King Milan, her duty



A SUPERB OPERA-CLOAK.

came first, her pleasure last. The Peacemaker she might truly be surnamed, since not alone in her own widely spread family did she wield that gentle sceptre, but where the wider interests of her peoples were concerned as well. Europe has, in fact, received two impressions of two

dead Sovereigns within the past two weeks, of one a splendid memory, of the other a superficial disdain. And so the pages are closed in time that shall be re-read in eternity.

The King begins his kingship well, and the opening of Parliament, though bound over to a sumptuary ukase of strictest mourning material,



[Copyright.]

A BEAUTIFUL BLACK DINNER-GOWN.

was, nevertheless, a vastly imposing spectacle. Sycophant journalists who racked their vocabularies for sweet-sounding syllables in recent issues had chiefly to fall back on the parrot-cry of "tact" as being our present Sovereign Lord's chief characteristic. But Edward VII. is a man of more than merely tact, as methinks will be presently shown. He has a great and widely ranged experience of men of all classes and conditions. He has an inherited sense of duty which involves that thoroughness in work and that absence of leisure which make the Monarch's Crown a burden indeed. Wherever Queen Alexandra's influence is felt, we may be sure it will be for good, and vice will have little chance of rearing its brazen crest within her dominion. With the noble example of father and mother before him, and sixty years of a variegated and most servicable experience behind him, we his people may justly account the King well equipped for the great ordeal of governing his constitutional inheritance well and worthily as he should.

This present exceptionally severe weather presses hardly on the poor, who are able to afford themselves neither coal, warm clothing, nor food, and must suffer their bitter lot in unrelieved misery unless the charitable and well-endowed are brought to realise and alleviate their condition. Miss Frances Ashdown, Secretary to the Church Extension Association, has issued an appeal which will, I trust, reach some benevolent souls and dispose them to relieve some of the unspeakable sufferings to which her Winter Distress Fund is dedicated.

Many who cannot work, through age, illness, or slackness of trade, are tided over periods of starvation by this excellent charity, where the

very smallest donation, sent to Miss Ashdown, at 27, Kilburn Park Road, N.W., is, perhaps, the sum that will relieve a fellow-mortal of supreme and immediate misery.

One could not help hoping that the Royal carriage, which is such a lovely piece of upholstery, painted panels, and gilding, was well warmed on Thursday, for the most piercing wind that ever blew held Whitehall in its icy grip, and, in all the *grande tenue* of full evening-

dress, the Queen could not have escaped some chilling instalments of the paralysing temperature. Even the Guards, in winter overcoats and woollen gloves, were seemingly victimised by the north-east blast, judging from the way they beat their hands and stamped about when the procession had passed. Seen from luxurious quarters in Whitehall, where kind friends had invited us, it was quite a fairy-like spectacle, and recalled childish readings of Hans Andersen and Grimm, when the King and Queen passed in their golden coach in robes of State and jewelled galore—"and the Princesses, with crowns of pearls and diamonds on their heads, and diamond necklaces." It all recalls these gorgeous annals of happy fire-



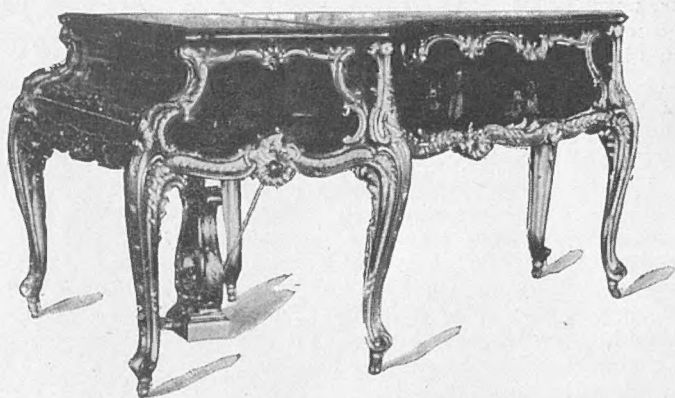
[Copyright.]

A NEAT TOQUE FOR COMPLIMENTARY MOURNING.

side hours in long-past days. The superb cloak illustrated on the previous page was ordered as a wrap by one of the Peeresses present, and was designed by *The Sketch* artist. It is of black panne decorated with splendid embroideries of sequins and black pearls, with borderings of black fox and draperies of fine Chantilly. A really regal wrap, and one that can be reproduced in different materials with no less effect.

The sketch given above of a dainty mourning-toque, composed of folded lisse, with an embroidered brim, and that inevitable and expensive hall-mark of the smart hat, a Bird-of-Paradise plume, is also worth noting for its distinguished appearance and becoming style generally.

Another illustration treats of matters more musical than millinery, and describes the most æsthetic form of piano which modern taste and skill have combined to evolve. This instrument, constructed by Erard, the well-known makers, is richly carved in Louis Quinze style, and can be rendered in any wood to suit the purchaser's taste. The carvings and gilding raise it to the dignity of a work of art, and the Vernis-Martin panels are exquisite examples of an exquisite handicraft. Messrs. Erard recently supplied a grand piano of this style to the Queen of Spain, and are to be commended for their artistic efforts in endeavouring to beautify this familiar object of every household and to raise it from the uninteresting dead-level its exterior ordinarily presents. To make a grand piano come into harmony with the rest of our drawing-room furniture, we have been obliged to envelop it in richly embroidered



A BOUDOIR GRAND PIANO AT MESSRS. ERARD'S.

covers and load it with *bibelots*. But the possessors of an Erard Louis Quinze boudoir need not adopt these aids to embellishment—its unadorned beauty adorning it most, to paraphrase the rhymester.

To revert in my last few lines to the question of clothes, I hear from the Riviera that black cloth dresses, which abound, are lightened very

agreeably by trimmings of silver buttons artistically chased; others have decorations of steel and silver braids; a third style is relieved by a collar of Wedgwood-blue velvet braided to imitate those of the Imperial Guard, and so on. Deep black, however admittedly becoming, will not last long on the cosmopolitan Mediterranean shore.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WINIFRED.—I think you will get the Cimolite face-powder and soap from Taylor's, 13, Baker Street. I hear the best accounts of both from persons who are really careful of their complexions.

CONNIE.—The matter on which you request information is more one for a doctor than the *Editress of Ladies' Pages*. Playing with poisons in order to aid the complexion is not included in my repertoire, and your better plan is to cultivate a healthy skin by exercise and light food, or, failing these Arcadian methods, to apply to a skin-doctor of repute.

SYBIL.

MACE PRESENTED TO THE BOROUGH OF HAMPSTEAD.

The magnificent mace which we have the pleasure to illustrate has just been presented to the Borough of Hampstead by Mr. E. Brodie Hoare, M.P., and was used for the first time at the last Council. Beautifully modelled in sterling silver-gilt, it bears upon the obverse the Arms of the Borough, and in an encircling band the inscription, "The Mace of the Borough of Hampstead," surmounted by the initials of the Borough, and with Acanthus decorations. The lower part of the stem is ornamented with the English rose and crossed sceptres, merging into fluted work and oak embellishments at foot, while the fillet of the crown is studded with amethysts, aquamarines, carbuncles, and white coral. The whole design is happily appropriate, and is the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of 158 to 162, Oxford Street, W., and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.



BUST OF QUEEN VICTORIA BY THE GOLDSMITHS CO.

HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Goldsmiths Company, in response to the expressed desire of many of their clients, have undertaken the production, in silver and bronze, of a portrait-bust of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, the height of which, complete with plinth, will be fourteen inches. A limited number only of these models will be produced. Particulars may be obtained of the Company.

MACE PRESENTED TO THE BOROUGH OF HAMPSTEAD



His Majesty the King of Portugal, during his stay in London, honoured the establishment of the well-known jewellers, Messrs. J. W. Benson, Limited, 25, Old Bond Street, with a visit, and has been pleased to grant the above firm the privilege of appointment as Jewellers and Watchmakers to His Majesty.

The Great Northern Railway Company has again arranged with Mr. Walter Hill, of 71, Southampton Row, W.C., to print a list of seaside, farmhouse, and country lodgings and hotels and boarding-houses in the vicinity of Great Northern stations, so that the travelling public may have the means of ascertaining what lodgings of this description are available. The Station-masters at the various Great Northern Stations are collecting the necessary information, and the book will be published early next spring.

Sweet are the uses of photography. You know Ogden's cigarettes. Well, Messrs. Ogden, Limited, announce that anyone forwarding to their London branch, 16 to 20, Farringdon Avenue, E.C., six fronts torn off their Guinea Gold or Krystal Gold Flake packets of cigarettes, together with a postal-order for 2s. 6d. and a photograph of himself, herself, or any relative or friend, will be supplied, post free, with one dozen permanent photographs of the sample portrait sent, beautifully finished and mounted, measuring 4½ by 6½ inches, including mount.

NOTE.

The Sketch is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 26.

THE MARKETS.

THE last Bank Return is a considerable improvement on the week before, and, although the Exchequer Bond issue did not go off over well—all applicants at £97 2s. getting allotments of 83 per cent., and over that price in full—there is an easier feeling in the Stock Exchange, and a very slight indication of the end of the South African War would speedily bring about a boom in Kaffirs and improvement in the general markets.

The prospect of the Bank Rate being again lowered and the general money outlook have turned public attention to gilt-edged investment stocks, and made Consols, India Three per Cents, and suchlike luxuries, comparatively gay. Unless the unforeseen happens in War or politics, we fully expect to see not only English, Indian, and Colonial Government securities improve by slow and steady degrees, but also stocks like German Three per Cents, Danish, Dutch, Swedish, and, in fact, the higher class of Government and Municipal obligations generally, follow a like course.

On the Stock Exchange, the feature of the last few days has been, not so much the volume of business, as the more even distribution of what there has been over the different sections. Instead of all activity being confined to the Yankee and Jungle Markets, the signs of improvement have been visible in all departments, which we take to be a gratifying feature.

Our remarks on the tea crisis last week brought us a visit from an old and valued correspondent who is well versed in the industry, and he tells us that what we wrote was perfectly correct so far as Ceylon teas are concerned, but that there has been very little slump in the price obtained by the best class of hill-teas; indeed, that companies such as the Lebong and Darjeeling will probably get almost as much for their crops as they did last year. With this qualification, everything we said in our last issue is fully confirmed.

HOME RAILS.

Now that the reports of all the English Railway Companies are out, the market for the stocks has some chance of recovering from the severe depression from which it has suffered for the last six months. True, the reports show that the worst pessimisms were not far from actual results. For the twelve principal railway companies to have nearly a million and a-half sterling to pay for coal above the 1899 total is a thing at which stockholders may well stand aghast, and two-thirds of that total was run up during the last six months of the year. This is for coal alone. Advances in materials and wages occurred throughout the doleful list. It is to be hoped, for the sake of railway stockholders, that 1900 may stand alone as a year of darkness and disappointment.

Turning to the prospects of the companies, there is, at least, the reduction in the price of coal to cheer the market and the proprietors. But even this will not greatly affect the railway accounts to be presented next August, since the figures will go against those of the first half of 1900, when the railways had not begun to feel the coal famine in its worst degree. That they were even then suffering from dear coal can be proved at once by mentioning that the dozen leading lines paid over half-a-million more for fuel in that period than they did in the first half of 1899. But we fear that they will benefit very slightly in the present six months by the lower price of coal, a reduction which, after all, does not amount to very much. The outlook would be more hopeful were it not for the heavy decreases already shown by some of the leading lines, and, taking all things into account, we are driven to fear that Railway stockholders will again come off badly as regards dividends next August unless things take an unexpected turn for the better.

The only dividend anticipations remaining to be fulfilled are those of the Scotch lines. This time last year, the North British paid 1 per cent.

on its Ordinary stock, and the Caledonian 1½ per cent. on its Deferred. Both companies had good increases for the half-year just closed, but the same old story of hugely increased expenses will, no doubt, be the excuse for lower dividends. The latest market estimates are ½ to 1 per cent. on British and 1½ per cent. on "Caley" Deferred.

ARGENTINE AND BRAZIL.

Possibly because the financial pages of our daily and weekly contemporaries have been so much devoted to other matters, the rising tone of the Argentine Market has been almost overlooked. Yet within the seven weeks that have elapsed since the birth of the Twentieth Century a remarkable rattling of the dry bones in the Argentine Bond Market has come. To take concrete cases, we may cite the following table—

	Jan. 2, 1901.	Feb. 16, 1901.	Rise.
Argentine 5 per cent. 1886	93½	96	2½
" N. Cent. Railway	73½	79½	6
" Treasury	75	79	4
" Funding	95½	97½	2½
" B. A. Water	76	83½	7½
" Rescission	62	67	5

For these advances the main causes are hopes of unification of the various debts and also the resumption of the Sinking Fund, with both of which we dealt fully a fortnight ago. Since then there has again been an improvement in prices, and we are still confident that the rise will continue.

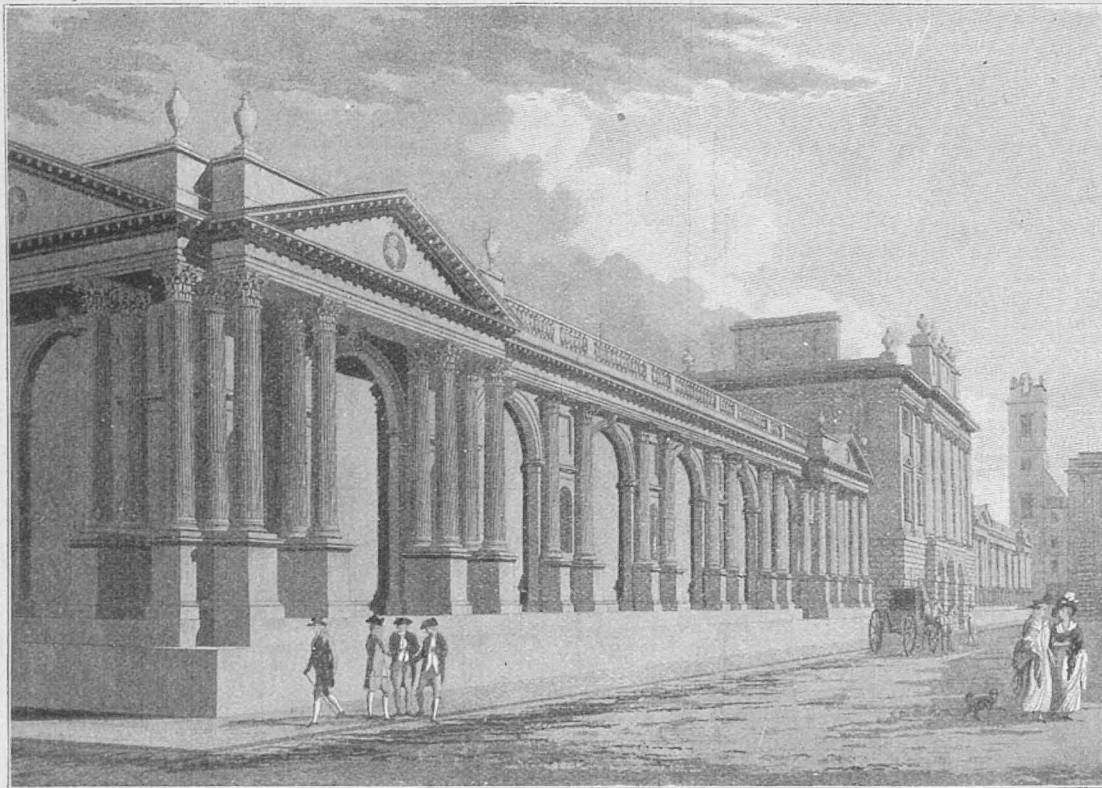
Brazil Government Bonds are now being taken in hand. The 1889 Loan and the Western of Minas Railway Loan are both about four points up since the beginning of the present year, and the market presents a healthy appearance. From the Brazilian Budget recently to hand, it is apparent that the Government of the country are making heroic effort to restore the financial credit of the land whence come "the nuts." They seem to be firmly resolved, for instance, upon paying the coupons on the

foreign loans in gold this summer, when the funding scheme comes to an end. On the other hand, the commercial position of Brazil is not as good as its well-wishers fain would see it. Coffee, we learn, is almost given away in some parts, and upon coffee rests in no small measure the financial prosperity of the country. The labour difficulty is in evidence, and the gambling in exchange still goes merrily forward. Brazil is hardly yet out of its critical wood, but its bitterest enemies could not withhold their admiration for the strenuous efforts now being made to get it into a place of honourable financial safety.

SOME INDUSTRIAL INVESTMENTS.

Although business in the Industrial department of the Stock Exchange continues to be very slack, there are plenty of interesting items for the consideration of the investor on the look-out for reasonably paying shares at cheap rates. The Combine section, for instance, is torn with uncertainty as to what it shall do with the prices of its specialities, after such widely different results achieved by the Calico Printers, the Yorkshire Woolcombers, and the Bradford Dyers' Associations. The two former passed their dividends, and the market looked black at all kinds of Combines. Then, last Friday, the Bradford Dyers' concern made a capital showing with its accounts, besides declaring a dividend of 9 per cent. for the half-year, making the full twelvemonth distribution a similar sum. On this basis, Bradford Dyers' yield 6½ per cent. to the purchaser, and, if the enterprise can do as well as this in a lean year, what will it be able to do when conditions improve? The shares look a good second-class investment, worthy higher prices, and Calico Printers, as a speculation, should find supporters. Woolcombers we would not look at, but English Sewing Cottons can be put in the same category as the Bradford Dyers' shares.

The Webley and Scott Revolver Company presents a glowing report and a respectable dividend; but the trade, of course, follows the War, and next year's working may turn out as disappointing as that in some



THE BANK OF ENGLAND: THE BUILDING AS IT WAS BEFORE THE PRESENT BANK.

past years has done. We should say the shares might very well be sold now that they are higher on the better report. The capital is much too heavy. Much more popular is the South Durham Company's account of itself, a resultant rise of 2s. 6d. in the price ensuing on the 10 per cent. dividend declaration. We have several times suggested the 6 per cent. Preference shares of the Company as a good investment; they are obtainable at less than a sovereign, and look cheap. The prosperity of the steel trade, too, shines out in the interim dividend of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on Richard Hill (1899) Ordinary shares, a little company to which we drew particular attention about a year ago, when the price was 22s. 6d., against to-day's quotation of 27s. ex-dividend. An anonymous correspondent, by the way, challenges the House Haunter's recent remarks about Jay's shares. His post-card will receive attention upon his compliance with our rule respecting the name and address of all correspondents.

IN THE KAFFIR MARKET.

The Kaffir Circus monopolises all attention in the Mining Markets. Each advancing sign of strength is hailed with fresh delight by the Stock Exchange, and no more popular visitor could there be to the speculative world at large than a real South African boom. Americans are all very well in their way as media for gambling, but "The Man in the Street" does not buy Yankees as a rule. Nor does he take much interest in the Argentine revival, the better tone in Consols, or the languor of West Africans. But what *does* stir him up is a rise in Kaffirs. Nearly everyone has some South Africans of one kind or another—many of the shares a legacy, alas! of the last boom. Those who are out of the market look on with a firm intention of making money therefrom as soon as the Transvaal trouble treks and the market looks like going better. And so, for these and other reasons, a Kaffir rise is always hailed with pleasure both inside the House—where it means, perhaps, a coming time of good business—and outside as well, for the reasons we have just mentioned.

At the time of writing, the Kaffir Circus looks undeniably like going much better. Of course, the dealing so far has been so purely professional that it is very hard to say whether the advance will last or not. We are inclined to think it will, but do not hide from ourselves or our readers the likelihood of this present animation dying away, even as it has done in the past. Supposing, however, that it does, and that the professionals refuse to support a market into which the public still show themselves reluctant to enter. What then? Would prices recede? To some extent, no doubt they would. Deadly dullness begets sagging quotations, but as for any heavy fall taking place, we do not suppose for a moment that such a thing is at all probable. In our opinion, the market will simply keep quotations about where they now stand, awaiting the boom that is inevitable sooner or later. For this reason, and because the end of the War may come as a thief in the night, we see no objection to the buying of Kaffirs, even at their present values. The opportunity for taking a profit will come in time.

THE NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

In one thing the investors in this country are fortunate, and that is in the management and stability of the great British Insurance Companies. The balance-sheet and revenue-account of the National Provident Institution for the year ending Nov. 20 last lies before us, and more than bear out the observations with which we began this Note. The figures appear a model of what they should be in the case of a great mutual office.

The new business accepted in the Life Insurance department consisted of 1503 policies (or five for every working-day of the year), and the amount covered came to the large sum of over £516,000. Of the policies which matured during the period, 209, assuring £114,000, were paid with bonus additions aggregating on an average almost 50 per cent. of the face value, while in the case of the remaining 348 the assured had taken the profits by way of cash during the currency of the policy or in reduction of premium.

The income exceeded the claims by £107,000, and the accumulated funds now amount to £5,486,651, while the liberal way in which the society deals with members cannot be shown better than by the fact that the advances on its own policies amount to £367,000.

Without wishing to draw invidious comparisons, we cannot refrain from calling attention to the fact that the working expenses amount to only 11·8 per cent. of the total income, against 27·07 per cent. in the case of some offices whose names may, perhaps, occur to our readers.

Saturday, Feb. 16, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

W. A. C.—The company is most respectable. The public subscription was not a great success, but the people connected with it are too strong to allow it to suffer from want of capital. There are works at Willesden, and you might write to the Secretary and ask him to allow you, as a shareholder, to go over them. We do not like patent concerns, but this is a good sample.

C. C.—To talk of "investing" £70 in the shares you name is absurd. If you have a few pounds you can afford to gamble with, we have nothing to say against your selection, except that we should prefer to have a dash at one or two of the active Kaffirs.

G. H.—We answered your letter on the 12th inst. Information received since confirms our opinion that to join the reconstruction means throwing good money after bad.

NORTHWICH.—We do not know whether Charles Bennett and Co. have ever pleaded the Gambling Act to save themselves from paying differences, but we will inquire and write you privately in the course of the week.

PERU.—(1) Not a bad speculative lock-up. (2) Grand Trunk Guaranteed stock should suit, or Mexican Bonds, or Globe Telegraph shares.

J. D.—Of course, the company you refer to is backed by very powerful people, and is supposed to have the pick of the basket, but at the present price the capitalisation works out at over three millions and a-half. Unless you are a rich man to whom money is no object, you would be wise to sell at least half. If the shares were our own, we should sell all, and thank heaven for the nice profit, wherewith we should probably dabble in Kaffirs.

VICTIM.—You should refuse to have anything to do with the reconstruction. It is too late to dissent under Section 161, or we should have advised you to do so, as the liquidator would have paid you out at a good figure rather than have an inquiry into the assets.

G. B. C.—We will make inquiries and write you in a day or so.

The Directors of the Sweetmeat Automatic Delivery Company, Limited, have declared an interim dividend for the quarter ending Dec. 31 last, payable on March 1 next, at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum, being at the same rate as for the corresponding period of last year.

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